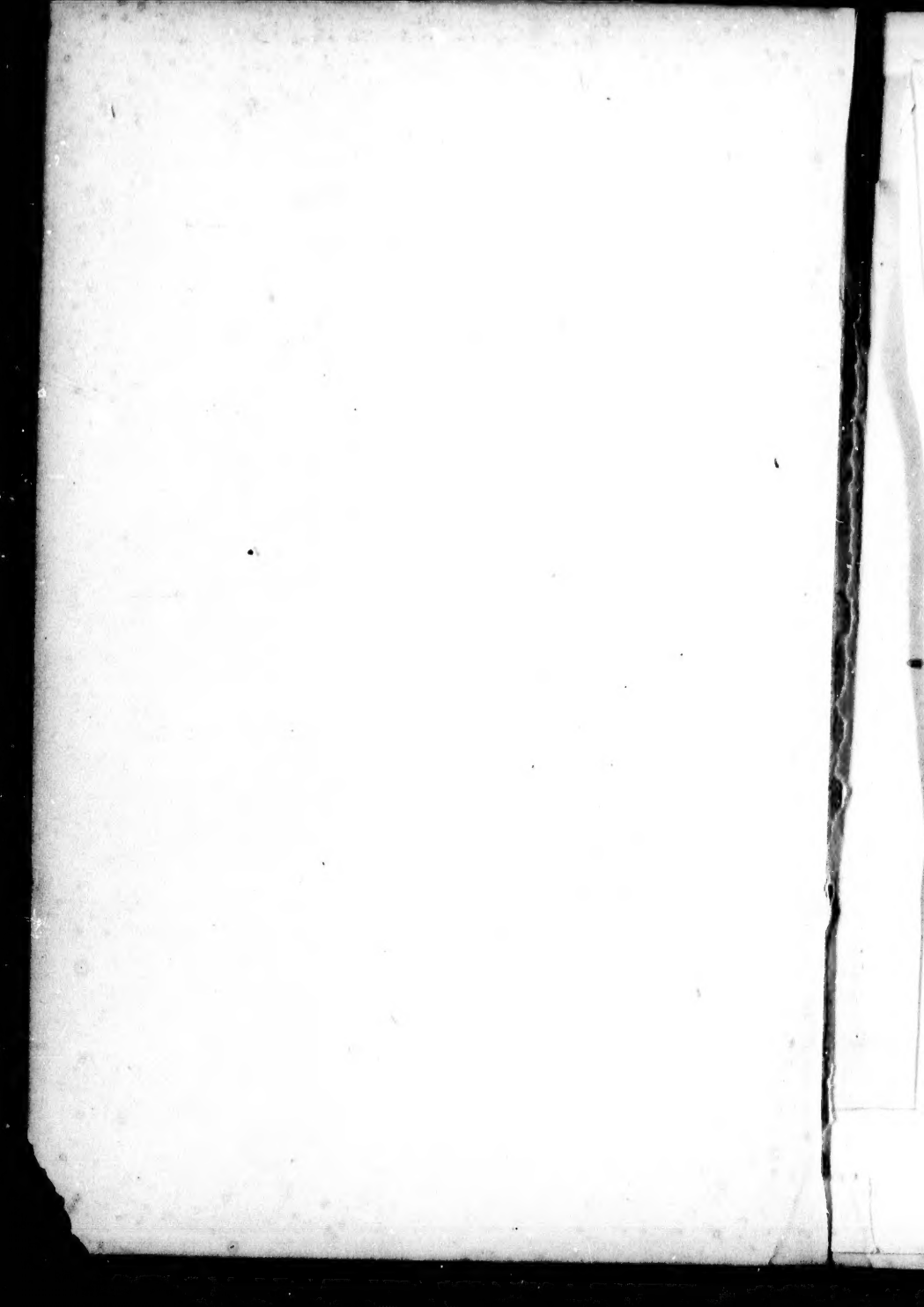






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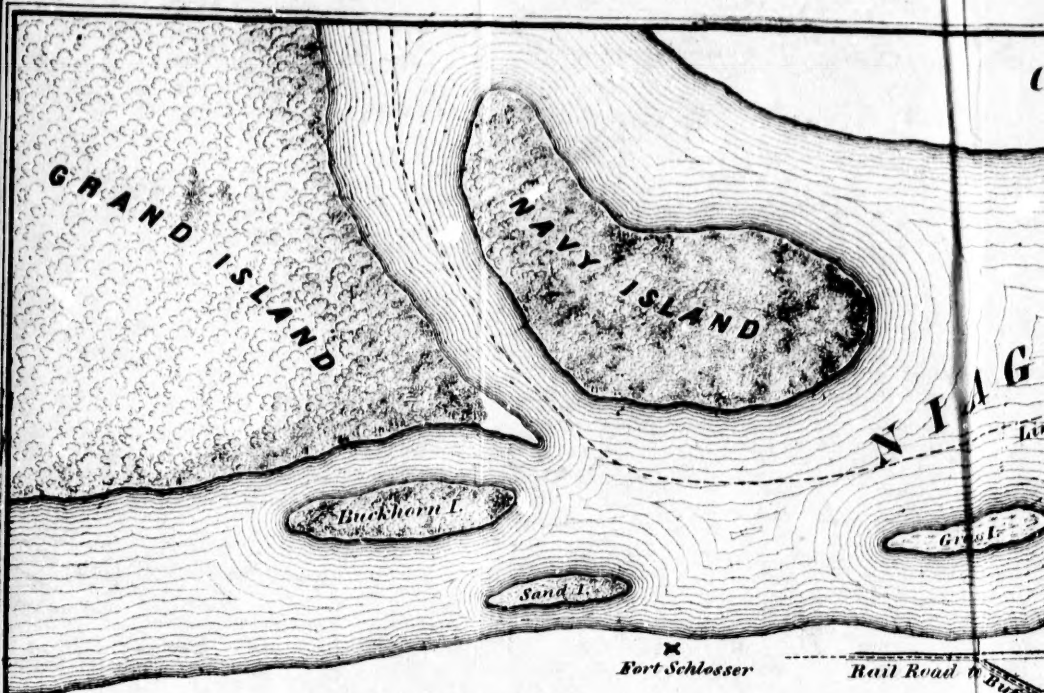
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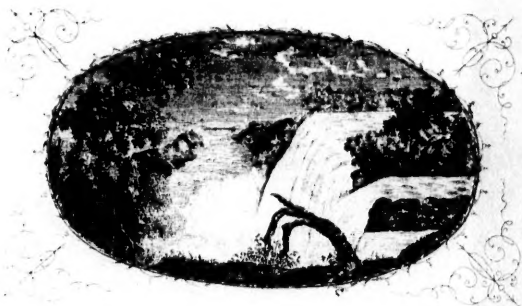
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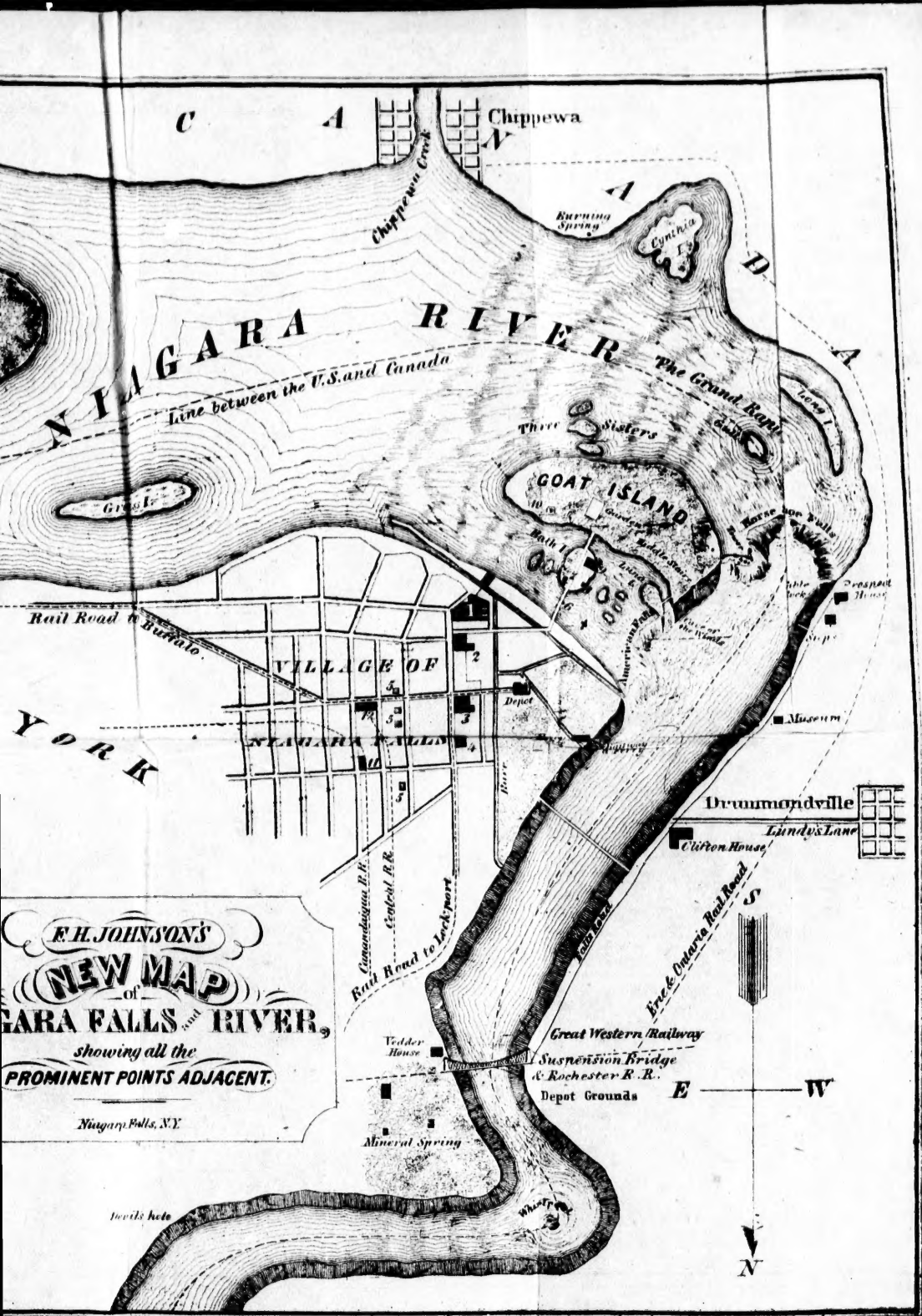
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NEW MAP
 of
NIAGARA FALLS
showing all the
PROMINENT POINTS AND PLACES

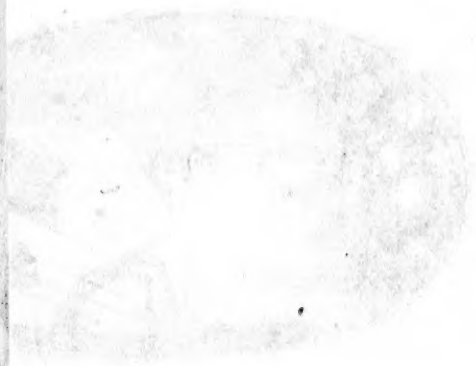
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

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| 4 St. Lawrence | 9 Paper Mill .. |
| 5 Churches | 10 Hermit's Residence, Goat I. |
| † Averys Log. | 11 Cannon Depot |
| | 12 Central R.R. Depot. |

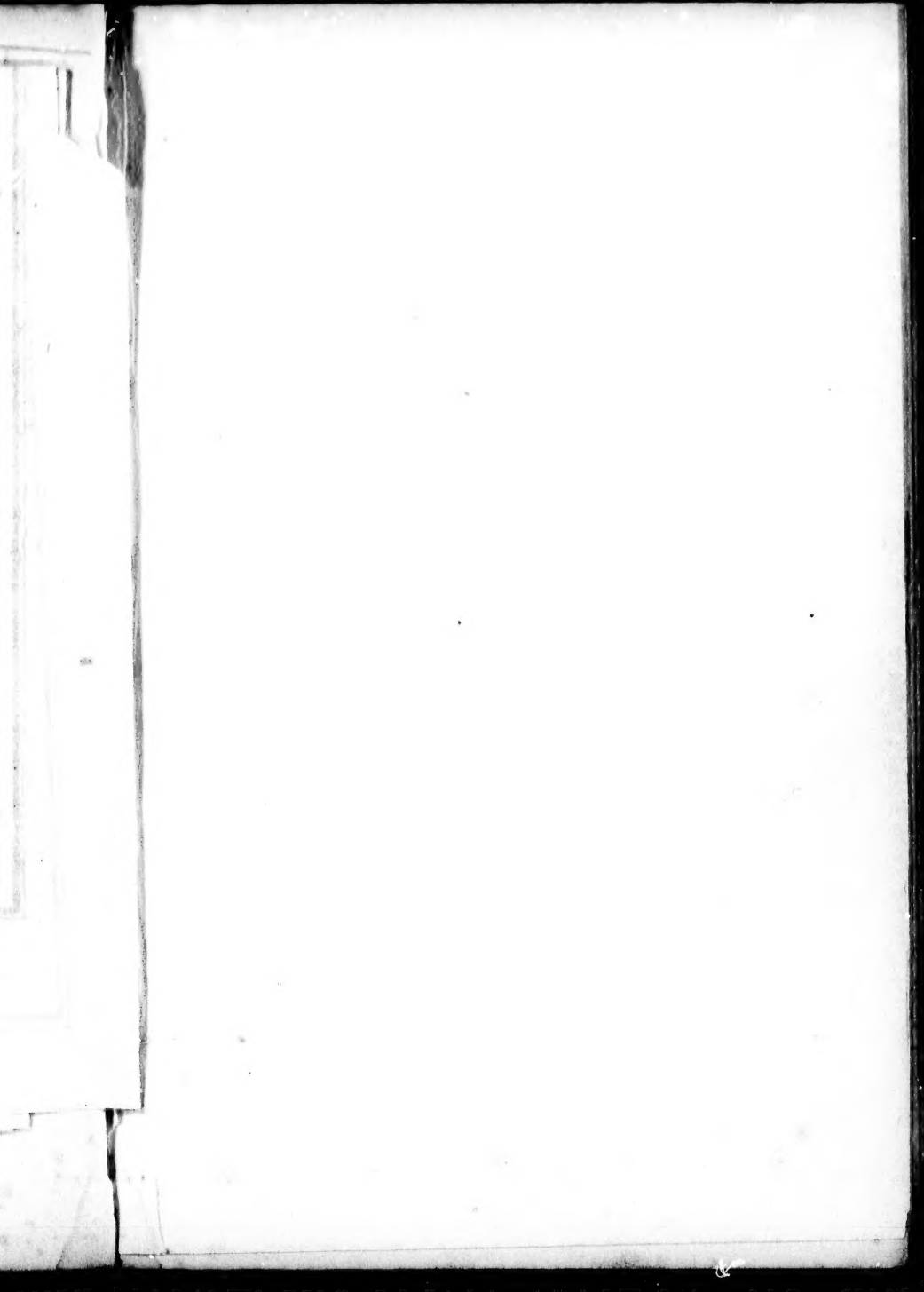
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THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FROM THE MAID OF THE MIST.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN GUIDE
AT
NIAGARA FALLS,

WITHOUT THE NECESSITY OF
INQUIRY OR POSSIBILITY OF MISTAKE ; INCLUDING THE SOURCES
OF NIAGARA, AND ALL PLACES OF INTEREST,
BOTH ON THE

AMERICAN AND CANADA SIDE,

EMBELLISHED WITH

VIEWS OF THE FALLS AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BY THE BEST
ARTISTS, AND A LARGE MAP OF NIAGARA
RIVER, BY THE AUTHOR.

ALSO,

A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE SEVERAL ROUTES FROM THE
FALLS TO MONTREAL, BOSTON, SARATOGA SPRINGS,
VIA LAKE ONTARIO, LAKE CHAMPLAIN,
ALBANY, NEW YORK, ETC.

BY F. H. JOHNSON,

PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, A RESIDENT AT NIAGARA, AND AUTHOR OF
MAPS AND STATISTICS OF THE FALLS.

ROCHESTER:

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY D. M. DEWEY,
ARCADE HALL.

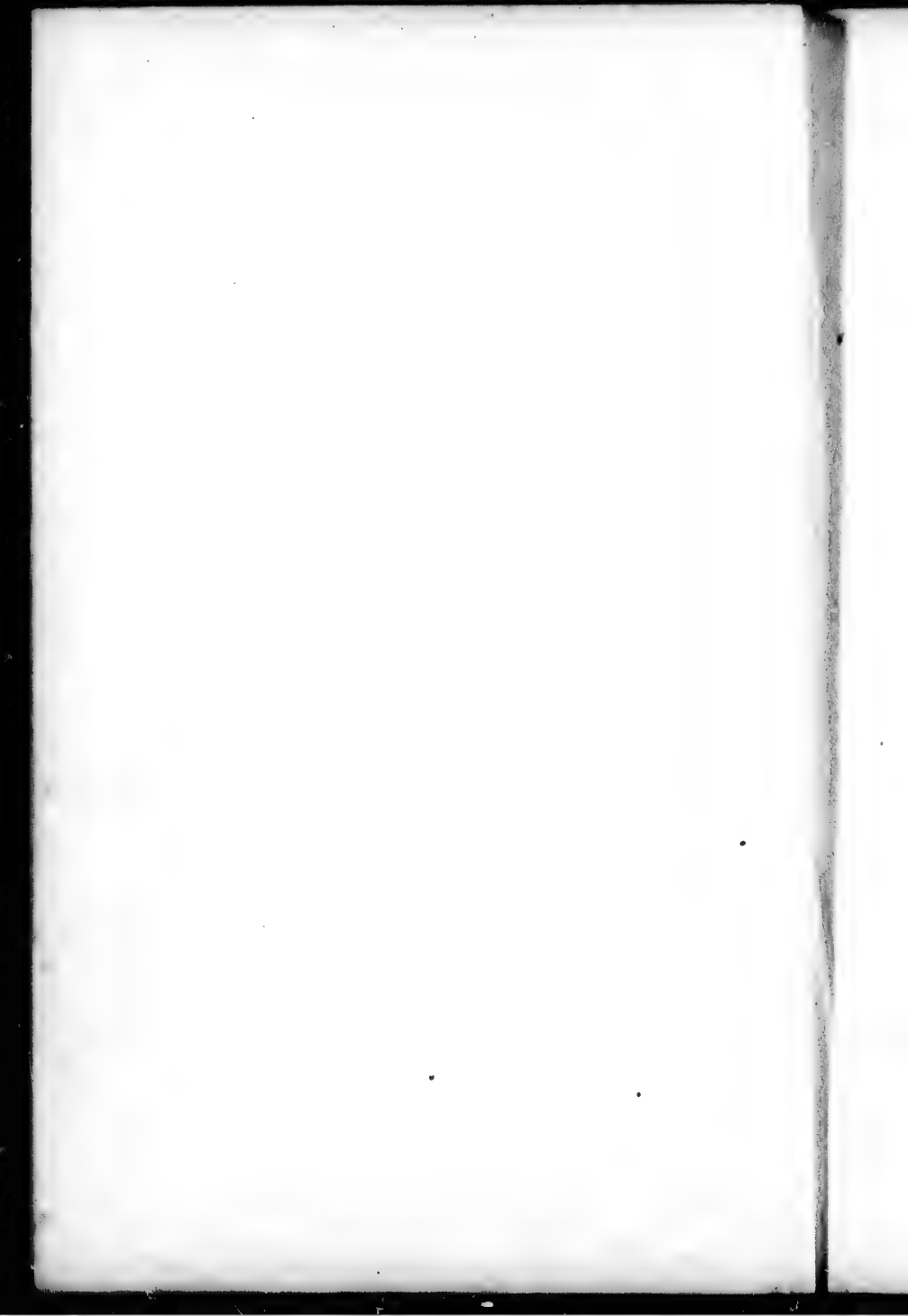
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TO THE VISITOR.

This is the only original, correct and reliable work in market. The author, for several years, has been personally and familiarly acquainted with all the points of interest of this "world's wonder," and great pains have been taken to make this work in every respect correct, and worthy the attention of the tourist. The different routes and places are so arranged and minutely described, that the stranger cannot be misled or hesitate. These pages are given to the public, with the belief that something of the kind is needed, inasmuch as works written by casual observers, are either unnecessarily oblix upon some points, or not sufficiently clear and explicit upon others, to meet the wishes of the traveling public. This difficulty, it is believed, is entirely obviated in the following pages.

THE AUTHOR.



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NIAGARA FALLS:

EVERY MAN HIS OWN GUIDE.

CHAPTER I.

The Route to Goat Island.

IF the visitor stops at the Cataract House, and wishes in the first place to view the scenery on Goat Island, take the first left hand street, two minutes' walk brings him to the bridge that leads to the island. If at the Falls Hotel, pass the Buffalo and Niagara Falls railroad depot, incline to the left, the bridge leading over the rapids is in sight, and but a few rods before you. If at the St. Lawrence Hotel, or the Niagara House, pass up Main, take the first right hand street, pass the depot, incline as above to the left, the bridge is just before you.

The Bridge

Leading to the toll-gate, on Bath Island, is about fifty rods above the Falls. It is an object of interest; and the inquiry is not unfrequently made, how was

it ever constructed over such a tremendous rapid. The first bridge was thrown across this angry stream in 1817, near the grist-mill on Iris or Goat Island, with much hazard of life, and great expense. It was carried away by the ice the ensuing spring. In 1818, another was constructed where Bath Island bridge now stands, by the Hon. Augustus Porter, and General P. B. Porter, brothers, the proprietors of the island.

A suitable pier was built at the water's edge; long timbers were projected over this abutment the distance they wished to sink the next pier, loaded on the end next to the shore with stone, to prevent moving; legs were framed through the ends of the projecting timbers, resting upon the rocky bottom, thus forming temporary piers until more substantial ones could be built. Visitors all pass this bridge on to Goat Island. It is perfectly safe; carriages and heavy loaded teams cross it almost every hour in the day.

Rapids.

The next thing that attracts the attention of the visitor, as he passes on his route to Goat Island, is the rapids. These are grand and impressive; thousands, in the summer season, particularly when the sky is clear, stand upon this bridge, and gaze upon the angry flood, as it rushes past them, in all its wild

and tumultuous fury, filling the mind with emotions of awe and indescribable grandeur.

From the head of Goat Island, to the grand cataract, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, the river falls fifty-one feet. It increases in velocity from seven to fifteen miles per hour, before it makes the final plunge.

Chapin Island.

This island is to the right of the bridge, within a few rods of the American Fall. A man by the name of Chapin, while working on this bridge, was thrown into the stream, and carried by the force of the current on to this island. A Mr. Joel R. Robinson rescued him with a skiff, and at this time, both are living in our village. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen witnessed this bold and daring adventure, which few, at so much hazard of life, would have the nerve to attempt.

The Toll-gate

Stands on Bath Island. An excellent bathing house, of warm and plunging baths, is kept in fine order, for the accommodation of visitors; open at all hours of the day, until eleven o'clock at night. By registering your names at the gate, and paying twenty-five cents, entitles you to all the privileges of Goat Island for the current year, or during your

stay. Here is constantly kept a large assortment of Indian work, and other curiosities. The small islands to the left of the toll-gate, are called Ship and Big Islands, taking their names somewhat from their shape. The large building to the right, is a paper mill, said to be the largest and most extensive in the state.

Goat Island.

The next point of interest after passing a small bridge, is Iris or Goat Island. The Indian Emporium on your left, is the only house inhabited on the island. A large assortment of Indian work is kept constantly on hand and for sale; a delightful place to rest. Ice cream and strawberries furnished in their season. Here are three ways, the left leads to the head of Goat Island, the middle one across the island to the rapids, about sixty rods above the Horse Shoe Fall. But most of the visitors do, and we will, if you please, take to the right, from the fact that we get the less impressive view of the Falls at first, and the most grand and imposing last; which, in the opinion of the author, gives the mind more time to appreciate the magnificent grandeur, and awful sublimity of these mighty works. Eighty rods brings us to the foot of the island.

The first small sheet of water nearest you, is the Center Fall, or Cave of the Winds; it is about half way between the American, and the Horse Shoe Fall.

Center Fall or Cave of the Winds.

The cave is between Goat and Luna Island. It is seen to the best advantage from below, if the wind is blowing down the river, or from the American shore; you can stand with perfect safety upon a large, flat rock, within a few feet of the falling sheet, without inconvenience, or getting the least wet. In the afternoon, when the sun shines, there is always a splendid and beautiful rainbow, between the sheet of water and the rock, within a few feet of you, and this is the only place on the globe, as far as the author can learn, from history and from travelers, where a rainbow, an entire circle like a ring, can be seen. Two and sometimes three have been seen at once. Nothing, in the opinion of the writer, can be more grand and imposing than this view. It is one of the most astounding scenes on the American side.

Width of the cave is one hundred feet, diameter sixty, height one hundred. The enterprising proprietor has erected convenient seats, with good, substantial railing, which leads you into this cave, between the sheet of water and the rock, on to a platform beyond.

It is much visited both by ladies and gentlemen, not only for the novelty of one of the grandest shower baths on earth, but the scenery is perfectly indescribable

Three Profiles.

These profiles are at the foot of Goat Island. In looking across the first sheet of water, directly under the second, the lowest point of rock that can be seen is a side view of three profiles, one directly above the other. They appear about two feet long, and much resemble the work of human hands; the middle one is generally considered by strangers to be the most distinct.

Luna Island.

Luna, a Latin term meaning moon. It is a small island containing about three-fourths of an acre, to the right of Goat Island, reached by a foot-bridge. It is called Luna Island, not because it resembles the moon, but from the circumstance of a lunar bow being seen from this place more advantageously than from any other point. If the visitor's nerves are pretty steady, he can stand within one foot of the Falls, and see the angry stream, dashing in all its wildest fury upon the large rocks below, impatient to try its power in making this fearful leap. The sheet of water to the right is the American Fall; to the left, the Center Fall or Cave of the Winds. It has often been remarked by strangers that this island trembles, which is undoubtedly true, but the impressions are somewhat heightened from nervous temperament.

It was at this point, after we pass a small foot-bridge about twenty-five feet above the Falls, that young Miss Antoinette De Forest of Buffalo, aged eight years, by some unaccountable casualty fell into the river, and Charles Addington, aged twenty-two, jumped in to save her, and they both went over the Falls together, June 21st, 1849.

The body of the girl was found much mutilated, the next day, and that of the young man floated four or five days afterward, when it was recovered and buried in the village burying ground. This was one of the most afflictive scenes that has occurred within our recollection. Return by the same way to Goat Island. After resting a few moments, pass up the river to a sign on a tree, Biddle Stairs.

Sam Patch's Leap

Is on the west side of Goat Island, near Biddle Stairs. This celebrated person made two successful leaps in the year 1829, ninety-seven feet perpendicular, into the river below. Question by the visitor: How was this done? A ladder was raised, the bottom resting on the edge of the river, the top inclining over it. Stayed by ropes to the trees on the bank, on the top of which was a small platform, he stood gazing upon the multitude in Canada. The carriage-road on the opposite side of the river, and every other point where there was the least prospect

of seeing, was filled with ladies and gentlemen, attracted to the place by a man going to jump over the Falls. "One thing," said he, "can be done as well as another," bowed to the audience, stepped off the platform, and went down feet foremost. Q. How much did he get for the job? A. This is not known, as it was a project got up by the tavern-keepers to attract attention; whatever they gave him, they kept to themselves. Q. How deep is the river where he went in. A. About fifty feet. Q. How deep did he go down? A. It is difficult to answer this question correctly—probably not more than fifteen or twenty feet. Water is exceedingly buoyant; when the accelerated force of the jump was spent, he would instantly rise. Q. How long did he remain under water. A. Some said, he was gone for good, others affirmed it was five minutes: but a gentleman holding his watch informed us, it was just half a minute before he rose. Q. What became of the foolhardy fellow? A. He made a jump at Rochester, Genesee Falls, the same year, which was his last. His body was never found.

Biddle Stairs

Are on the west side of Goat Island, near the foot. They were erected by Nicholas Biddle, late president of the United States Bank. "Make us something," said he to the workmen, "to descend

and see what is below." These stairs are spiral on the inside, firmly secured by heavy iron bolts fastened into the solid rock, and are, we believe, perfectly safe.

At the foot are two paths leading in opposite directions; the one up the river leads toward the Horse Shoe Fall, but the path is so much obstructed by rocks which have fallen, and the bank is so steep, that it is extremely difficult to get within thirty rods of the Horse Shoe Fall. But the best view, decidedly, is to turn down the river a few rods, and the Center Fall or Cave of the Winds bursts upon the astonished sight, with all its terrific grandeur. The impending rocks hanging over you, sometimes fill the visitor with alarm lest they might fall, but they seldom fall in the summer season, and no accident has occurred since the year 1829. For number of steps see local distances, page 28. Ascending these stairs on his return, (for there is no other way,) if he travels very slowly, he will avoid much fatigue.

On his return to Goat Island, pass up the river about sixty rods to a small house built by the proprietor of the island, for the purpose of rest. Descend the bank, cross a small bridge to the tower. This is called Prospect Tower.

Prospect Tower.

This tower is on the west side of Goat Island, within three rods of the Falls; forty-five feet high, and two hundred feet above the river below, surrounded near the top by a portico and an iron railing. Visitors of a nervous temperament, and especially old people, when stepping out upon this piazza, not unfrequently feel a kind of giddiness or tremor; but in looking up or around upon the green foliage, the nerves generally become tranquil. We are then better prepared to appreciate the overwhelming grandeur of this magnificent scene. This view, in the opinion of the author, of the width of the river, the rapids, the Horse Shoe Fall and the angry, boiling deep below, is not surpassed by any on the American side.

The river below, in its wild, tumultuous fury, produces a perfect foam like suds, and has frequently been called the river of milk.

The Horse Shoe Fall.

This is the entire circle from the American to the Canadian side of the river. Its width by calculation is one hundred and forty-four rods. It derived its name from its shape, but it must have altered much since it was first named, as large masses of rock in the neighborhood of the Horse Shoe, fall every year.

Quantity of Water.

Professor Lyell says, fifteen hundred millions of cubic feet pass over the Falls every minute. Dr. Dwight says, one hundred millions two hundred thousand tons pass over the Falls every hour. Judge De Vaux, in his *Traveler's Own Book*, says, five thousand eighty-four millions eighty-nine thousand eight hundred fifty-three barrels descend in twenty-four hours; two hundred eleven millions eight hundred thirty-six thousand eight hundred fifty-three every hour; three millions five hundred thirty thousand six hundred fourteen every minute; fifty-eight thousand three hundred forty-three every second. "I should think," says one, "that the river would exhaust itself." True, when the upper lakes run dry, Niagara will be no more.

Other estimates, by scientific gentlemen, have been made, arriving at nearly the same results.

Depth of Water on the top of Horse Shoe Fall.

It is estimated, by Professor Lyell and others, to be twenty feet in the center, or where the water looks so green. There is, however, a better data ascertain this fact, than all the calculations, however learned. The ship *Detroit* being condemned on the lake, was bought by a company, loaded with a live buffalo, bear, deer, and other animals, was sent

over the Falls in the year 1829. She was knocked to pieces in the rapids, except about half of her hull, which was filled with water. It drew eighteen feet, and passed over the point of the Horse Shoe, clear, without touching. Hundreds saw her make this fearful plunge, and I have no doubt in my own mind that the estimates are correct. This, then, gives a solid column of water on the top of the rock, twenty feet, or as deep as an ordinary well.

Gull Island.

This is a small island just above the Horse Shoe Fall. It has never been approached by man, and perhaps never will while Niagara rolls, unless a suspension bridge, or some other means are devised. It took its name from the quantity of gulls that, late in the fall and early in the spring, light upon it, and some think hatch their young there; at all events they are not disturbed, and are

"Monarchs of all they survey,
Their rights there are none to dispute."

The visitor, after spending what time he wishes on Prospect Tower, will return to the bank. If he wishes to reach his hotel by the nearest route, without going round by the head of the island, take a small path directly back of the building fronting Prospect Tower. This is a pleasant walk leading to

the bridge, and shortens the distance more than one-half. But we will suppose he wishes to continue his rambles around Goat Island, as there are many objects to excite, and will peculiarly interest him.

The best point to get a correct view of the shape of the Horse Shoe Fall, is about forty rods up the river, from the point where you ascend the bank from the tower, near a small stone monument, directly in his path, marked with a cross on the top, set by the surveyors to ascertain if the Falls recede. Let him step to the bank, and he will get one of the best views of the shape of the Horse Shoe there is, on either side of the river.

As the visitor passes up the river, he will notice piers filled with stone near the water's edge. These were made by the proprietor of the island, to prevent the bank from washing. The next thing he notices is three small islands near the shore. These are called

Three Sisters.

A man by the name of A. P. Allen, some eight years since, in attempting to cross the river in a skiff, from Chippewa, unfortunately broke one of his oars; but with a skill and coolness never surpassed, he managed to reach the outer island, jumped ashore, while his skiff darted on like an arrow over the Falls. Though saved from immediate death, yet his situation was perilous in the extreme, the hope

of rescue was extremely doubtful and starvation was staring him in the face. Two nights and one day he remained upon this lonely spot. He struck a fire, the smoke wreathed in columns above the tree-tops. Great numbers of our citizens assembled, and heard his cries for help. At length a rope was thrown across from one island to the other, and by means of a skiff, the same intrepid Robinson that rescued Chapin, succeeded in bringing him safe to shore. Both are living in our village at this time.

Bathing Place of Francis Abbot, the Hermit.

The bathing place of Francis Abbot is on the west side of Goat Island, the first perpendicular cascade after leaving Prospect Tower, near the three islands called the Three Sisters. He was learned, gentlemanly and accomplished, pleasing in address, but could not be approached by a stranger; he lived nearly twenty months entirely alone. He was drowned below the ferry, in the year 1831. His body was found at Fort Niagara, fourteen miles below, recognized, brought back and sleeps in our burying ground. This lonely spot was resorted to by this singular individual generally at night. The thunder's terrific sound, the lightning's blaze mingled with the roar of the cataract, was the element in which he delighted to breathe. Very little is known of his history.

Head of Goat Island.

At this point, Navy Island, near the Canada shore to the right, containing three hundred and forty acres, the scene of the McKenzie war in 1837-38, is in plain sight. It was occupied by three or four hundred Americans — a heterogeneous mass of all classes, without discipline, or any efficient means to carry on war. Chippewa, on the Canada shore but a short distance below, contained at the time four or five thousand British soldiers. The two governments took no active part in this hot-headed enterprise, and it fell by its own weight. Grand Island is to the left on the American side, resembling the main shore, containing seventeen thousand two hundred and forty acres, purchased by M. M. Noah, and according to his fancied visions it was to be the future home of all the Jews on the globe. The visitor in turning his eye to the right and left, will readily perceive how this island divides the river, the greater portion rolling to the Canada shore.

It would, while passing the bridge, be thought incredible that any person could reach the island before any bridge was built. Yet such is the fact; as early as 1765, several French officers were conveyed to it by Indians in canoes, carefully dropping down the river, between the dividing waters where the river for some little distance is calm, and Peter B. Porter of Black Rock, with some other gentlemen,

also made a trip to the island in a boat. They found but little trouble in descending, but their return was difficult and hazardous.*

It was effected by shoving the boat with setting poles up the most shallow part of the current for a half a mile, before making for the shore. Falling into the current, within a mile of the Falls, must be fatal. Several accidents of this kind have happened, but all, as far as the author can recollect, were hurried on to destruction.

It is but a few years since an Indian, partially intoxicated, on attempting to cross the river in a canoe, was drawn into the rapids. Finding all efforts to reach the shore unavailing, he took a good horn of whiskey, lay down in his canoe, passed rapidly over the Falls, plunged into the yawning vortex below and disappeared forever. At this point, the head of Goat Island where we are now standing, it can be more satisfactorily explained, why it was called Goat Island. A man by the name of Stedman, about seventy years since, put some goats upon the island, which remained there nearly two years. He reached the island and returned the same way as the Indians and others had done.

The old clearing you notice at the left, some part of it is an Indian burying ground, but of the tribe to

* • Trees marked 1765 and 1769, were within a few years past, clearly to be seen.

whom it belonged, nothing definite is known. It is supposed by some they were the Iroquois. The following lines were composed by a young lady from Boston, while seated under the shade of a cedar, at the head of Goat Island, looking over the graves of the warriors, the mighty dead, who slumber in silence here. Indian bones have been exhumed within a few years.

The First Proprietor of Niagara Falls.

The white man has driven the Indian away,
Far from Niagara's shore;
No more is he permitted to stay
And hear the loud Cataract roar.

The war-whoop that echo'd o'er Niagara's isles
Has long since die'd away;
Far in these lonely wilds,
Where the wild wolf devours his prey

In the distant wilds of the west,
The red man sought for repose,
Where the mind and body would be at rest,
Away from the white men — his foes.

To the home of his fathers the chieftain has gone,
No more will he lead forth the brave to the battle,
His warriors no longer around him will throng,
Where the swift arrows fly and the armor doth rattle.

No more will his name produce terror and dread,
Nor his arm be uplifted to strike the death blow;

Low he sleeps in the dust where slumber the dead,
While the plants of the valley over him grow.

The tribe that once followed their chief to the fight—
Like the mist o'er Niagara, how vanished away !
Far from the land of their birth they have taken their flight,
The once noble, and valiant, and brave, where are they ?

We will now return to the hotel. Sixty rods brings us to the former residence of Francis Abbot, the hermit of Niagara. It was an old log-house on the east side of the island, but within a few years has been taken down. Here he lived for twenty months entirely alone, as he could not be approached by a stranger; though gentlemanly and accomplished, having seen much of the world, and possessing a mind replete with useful knowledge, yet he held converse with none, except a few confidential friends.

A few things we will pass in review, in reference to this route, before we take a trip to Canada, or leave this enchanting spot forever.

Iris or Goat Island.

Iris or Goat Island contains sixty-nine and a half acres, is a fraction over a mile in circumference, and heavily timbered. Most of the smooth bark trees are marked with initials bearing different dates. "In 1805," says Judge Porter, "there was a beech tree on the bank near the Horse Shoe Fall, marked

1779, 1771 and 1772." The names of these early travelers are not recollected.

No sportsman is allowed to carry a gun on to this island, as it would endanger the lives of those who are promenading through it. It is called Goat Island, from the circumstance of a man by the name of Stedman, at a very early date, having put some goats upon it. It is a wild, rural and delightful retreat; in the hottest days, there is always a refreshing and invigorating breeze from the river. There are three bridges connected with this island and one tower.

The visitor will perceive there is an excellent carriage-road entirely round the island, and if he chooses, he can get a good carriage to carry a party of six or eight at an expense usually of one dollar per hour.

Local Distances.

Local distances connected with Goat Island, are as follows:

From the Cataract House to Goat Island.....	75 rods.
From the Eagle.....	70 "
From the Falls Hotel.....	85 "
From the St. Lawrence Hotel.....	110 "
From Goat Island, where the road ascends the bank to the foot.....	80 "
From foot of the island and up the river to Biddle Stairs.....	15 "

From Biddle Stairs to Prospect Tower.....	65 rods
From Prospect Tower to the Three Sisters.....	150 "
Head of Goat Island.....	65 "
Hermit's Cabin.....	40 "
To the Bridge.....	45 "
Circumference of Goat Island.....	376 "

The whole distance from the Cataract House around the island, is one and a half miles and a fraction over.

Number of steps about Goat Island.

Foot of the island.....	22
Biddle Stairs.....	115
Prospect Tower.....	39

Spray.

Spray, like smoke of a burning mountain, sometimes rises into the horizon, forming dark, heavy clouds, tinged with the refulgent rays of the rising and setting sun, which have been seen, says Judge Porter, more than one hundred miles.

Rainbows.

There are two:— One is always seen in the daytime, when the sun shines; the other at night— called the Lunar Bow. The latter is only beheld once a month, when the moon is at full, sufficiently high in the heavens, and the sky clear. And Niagara, as far as the author can learn from travelers and from history, is the only place on the globe, where

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THE AMERICAN FALL BY MOONLIGHT.

a rainbow at night can be seen with distinctness. At all events, the Lunar Bow is peculiar to this place.

View of the Falls at Night.

An evening view has a very different effect upon the mind of the beholder, than when seen in the daytime. The moon-beams playing upon the agitated waters; the spray, like the smoke of a volcano, rising into the sky; the endless roar of the cataract, mingled with the heart's deepest impressions, give such an indescribable sublimity and grandeur, that language is but a poor vehicle to convey the impressions we feel.

View of the Falls at Sunrise.

This view is thought, by thousands, to be perfectly unsurpassed; and has no rival in grandeur, sublimity, and interest. Every point of time, however, is different, and has its different effect upon the beholder.

View of the Falls at Sunset.

When the sun has rolled onward in his chariot of fire, and thrown his last rays upon Niagara, bidding adieu, for the night, to the grandeur of the scene that so much in power resembles himself, the view is perfectly indescribable.

Roar of the Falls.

This depends much upon the wind, and the state of the atmosphere. Sometimes, every door and window, the least ajar, for a mile in circumference, will tremble — caused by the concussion of the air; and the roar may be heard from fifteen to twenty-five miles. At other times our citizens would scarcely know that there were falls in the neighborhood. "In a few instances," says Mr. Hooker, the oldest guide to the Falls, "they have been heard at Toronto, a distance of forty-four miles."

First Impressions of Strangers.

At first sight, strangers are sometimes disappointed; either their expectations have been raised too high, or the sublimity, grandeur, and magnificence of the scene far surpasses every thing they could possibly have anticipated.

The second view is frequently more impressive than the first. The longer the visitor tarries, the more he enjoys and appreciates; the impression is indelibly enstamped upon his memory, and for years infixed there, as with the imprint of a sun-beam.

The Falls, it is true, when seen from above, do not appear more than fifty or sixty feet high; but let the visitor go below, if he would get a correct impression of this stupendous work. Beauty

grandeur, and awful sublimity, enstamp upon his heart, those emotions he never can express.

Rise of the River.

Those causes which swell other rivers, have no effect upon this. It never rises unless the wind has been blowing down Lake Erie in a westerly direction. S. Ware, Esq., who has kept the ferry for seventeen years, says, "one foot on the top of the Falls, will, by actual measurement, raise it seventeen and a half feet below." This is attributable to the river being pent up in a very narrow pass at the Whirlpool, and cannot find its way out as fast as it accumulates above.

Fall of the River.

From Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, (36 miles,) 339 feet; from Lake Erie to the head of Goat Island, (22 miles,) 25 feet; from the head of Goat Island to the main fall, (half a mile,) 50 feet; perpendicular height of the American Fall, 164 feet; on the Canada side, 158 feet; from the Falls to the Whirlpool, ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles,) 64 feet; from the Whirlpool to Lake Ontario, (11 miles,) 25 feet. Total in 36 miles between the two lakes, 339 feet.

Probability of Fowls and Fish going over the Falls alibe.

In some instances they do — but generally are in a wounded, mutilated state. On the morning of the 10th September, 1841, more than four hundred ducks were picked up, dead, having gone over the night previous.

If fish should take a perpendicular direction, they might survive. But if they should strike flatwise, it would, in our opinion, kill them as suddenly as if they fell on a rock.

Crossing the River above the Falls.

The usual crossing place is 2 1-2 miles above the Falls; though sail-boats and canoes, when the wind is blowing up the river, have crossed much nearer.

Winter Scene.

It is thought by many, who have visited the Falls at this season, that it far surpasses that of summer. The icicles, in the shape of inverted cones, hanging from the high banks, the dazzling splendor of an effulgent sun darting his fiery beams upon them; the frozen spray, clothing the trees in its silvery robe; the roar of the ice, as it rushes onward to try the fearful leap; the ceaseless thunder

of the cataract, the bow of promise, smiling serenely upon the angry flood; the enchained river within its icy embrace, struggling like some monster of the deep to be free, all combine to render the scene awfully grand and terrific. No language is adequate to give a correct impression; it must be seen before it can be appreciated.

The First Man who saw the Falls.

The first white man who saw the Falls, as far as we have any authentic record, was Father Hennepin, Jesuit missionary, sent out from the French among the Indians, as early as the year 1678, 174 years since. His descriptions were visionary, and exceedingly exaggerated. He thought the Falls six or seven hundred feet high, and that four persons could walk abreast under the sheet of water, without any other inconvenience than a slight sprinkling from the spray. But we would not attribute this wild and fanciful description, to a want of candor, or an intention to deceive. The fact probably was, he had no means of measuring its height, and undoubtedly got his account from the Indians, which very likely would be incorrect.

Indian Tradition.

The Indians, it is said in Judge De Veaux's works, have a tradition that two human beings, yearly, will

be sacrificed to the Great Spirit of these Winds. Whether any reliance can be placed upon the tradition of the Indians or not, it is nevertheless true, that almost every year has proved fatal to some one. A few instances, only, can be mentioned. John York, who is supposed to have gone over the Falls, as pieces of his boat, and part of the loading were picked up below, 28th Nov. 1841. William Kennedy was in the boat with him, and found dead on C. Island, just above the Rapida.

Casualties.

Dr. Hungerford, of West Troy, was killed by a rock falling upon him, between Biddle Stairs and the Cave of the Winds. May 27, 1839.

J. H. Thompson, of Philadelphia, was washed off of a rock below the Falls, under the great sheet of water, by leaving the guide and venturing too far upon places of danger. August 16, 1844.

Miss Martha K. Rugg, from Lancaster, near Boston, Mass., while picking a flower, fell over the bank, just below Barnett's Museum, (Canada side,) one hundred and fifteen feet. August 23, 1844. She lived about three hours.

Charles Smart, from Philadelphia, fell about forty feet from a rock in the Cave of the Winds. Aug. 31, 1846. Killed instantly.

John Murphy, aged fourteen years, son of a

Whow lady, of our village, attempting to cross the river in a canoe, about a mile above the Falls, was drawn into the current and went over. His body has never been found. June 13, 1847.

A son of Mr. White, aged five years, and his sister about one year and a half older, were playing in a canoe; it floated out into the stream; the agonized mother beheld this heart-rending scene — she rushed into the river nearly up to her neck — rescued the girl, the boy went over. He was last seen sitting in the bottom of the canoe, holding on to each side with his hands. July 9, 1848. His body has never been found.

A gentleman from Buffalo, supposed to be on an excursion of shooting ducks; his boat was drawn into the rapids above the Grist Mill — seen by several of our citizens to pass under the Bridge — heard to exclaim, "can I be saved." His boat, with the velocity of lightning, passed on, dashed against a rock nearly opposite the Chair Factory, he was thrown out — went over feet foremost, near the American shore. August 25, 1848. He has never been found.

A Mrs. Miller cut her shawl in pieces, tied them together, hung it over the Bridge leading to Goat Island, intending doubtless to impress the belief that she had let herself down into the angry flood, and had gone over the Falls. Very few of our citizens

believed it, as there was too much pains taken, for the purpose of committing suicide; it was all a farce, as she was heard from at Syracuse and other places, a few days after. Some love affair occasioned this wild freak. Her little children were very kindly taken care of by Hon. A. Porter, until her friends at Detroit could be informed of the occurrence, and they removed to their home. Her father, a very respectable lawyer, died soon afterward, it was thought of a broken heart.

A gentleman from Troy, N. Y., in the winter of 1852, while passing over the Bridge to the Tower, fell into the river, was instantly carried to the verge of the precipice, and lodged between two rocks. Mr. Bruster I. Davis rescued him, by throwing some lines in the direction; he had just sufficient strength left to tie them around his body, and they drew him to the Bridge, whence he was taken to the Falls Hotel. He remained speechless for several hours, but finally recovered and returned to his home.

Accidents to Strangers.

There are not as many accidents in proportion to the number who visit the Falls, as among our citizens. Strangers are generally more careful and timid, cautious how they approach places of apparent or real danger, until satisfied of their perfect safety. Some have a more fool-hardy adventure in

their constitutions; will pass into crags and rocks, where human beings never ought to go. This is not only dangerous, but it is perfectly uncalled for, as all the wildness of this terrific scene can be viewed without running the least risk.

It has frequently been remarked to the author both by ladies and gentlemen, while standing upon some giddy point, say an isolated rock, on the west side of Prospect Tower, on the very brink of the Falls, "I have a great mind," say they, "to give a jump; do you think it would hurt me." The reason of this disposition doubtless is, they are not accustomed to stand upon such a frightful eminence. There is, unquestionably, a determination of blood to the brain, which produces a partial derangement. Some are of that nervous temperament, constitutionally formed, that they become dizzy in looking down from almost any height, though at other times they might face the cannon's mouth, and hear it thunder, without moving a muscle, yet here they are afraid.

These remarks are not made to alarm, or in the least to detract from the interest of the stranger's visit, but to caution. The author, until recently, for many years acted as a Guide; he will relate an incident, as exemplifying the above remarks: a young lady was standing upon Table Rock, on the very verge of the precipice, the wind at the time blowing

strong from the Canada shore; she appeared amazed, bewildered, and lost amid this overwhelming, enchanting scene. Madam, said I, are you not unnecessarily exposing yourself? While laying my hand slightly upon her shoulder, Oh! she replied with a smile, I could jump off here, and sail away like a balloon, without injury; and with much entreaty, she was prevailed upon at length to leave this dangerous spot. She observed afterward to her mother, who very pleasantly reprimanded her for this daring freak, I did not feel the least fear, or dread, and was not aware that I was in any danger; "I thought I could fly." In many other instances, I have observed in some strangers the same disposition; regardless of fear or danger, or the advice of friends they often feel disposed, they say, to try the fearful leap; we know these are facts, and leave the subject for writers on mental philosophy to enlarge upon, and assign the cause.

A Visit to Goat Island by Moonlight.

Thousands, in the summer season, when the weather is fair, promenade through the Island a night—it is a delightful treat. The carriage-road is fine, the dark forest, in all its native grandeur, is around them, not a breath moves the surrounding foliage, the moon pouring a flood of mellow light through the openings of the trees, the silence of

death is only interrupted by Niagara's ceaseless roar, filling the mind with emotions of awe, grandeur, and sublimity, which it is perfectly impossible to describe. It must be viewed before it can be appreciated.

The Lunar Bow.

Can only be seen about once a month, or when the moon is within two or three days previous or after its full. The reason is, there is not light enough to form the Bow. The best points to view this grand spectacle are, at the foot of Goat Island, on Luna Island, and Prospect Tower. If the sky is clear, the wind right, and the atmosphere favorable, an entire arch can be seen. The author has frequently seen a whole arch, with three colors very distinct, and we are inclined to believe, as far as we can learn from travelers, this is the only place on the globe, where a rainbow at night, in the form of an arch, can be seen at all. It is indescribably grand, worthy the attention of the tourist, and will amply pay him for a trip to the Island, to behold. "Thou hast told me right," said a party of Quakers, from Philadelphia, to the author, "this sight alone, is sufficient to pay us for a journey to the Falls." The mind takes a wild and sublime range, but its emotions cannot be expressed.

CHAPTER II.

A Tour to Canada by Way of the Ferry.

If the visitor is at the Cataract House, take the first left hand street, then turn to the right at the old Curiosity Shop. If at the Falls Hotel, pass the Buffalo and Niagara Falls railroad depot, incline to the right. If at the St. Lawrence Hotel or the Niagara House, pass up Main street, pass the depot as above, and three or four minutes walk brings you through a pleasant grove to the Ferry.

Ferry--American Side.

The Ferry House is within eight rods of the American Fall. Cars lead down the bank to the water's edge, on an inclined plane of thirty-one degrees, worked by water-power. Distance, twenty-two and a half rods, or two hundred and ninety steps. The usual time in descending and crossing the river to the Canada shore, is about ten minutes. "This Ferry," says Judge Porter, the proprietor, "has been in operation more than forty years; and during all that time not a single life has been lost, or a serious accident occurred."

And this, perhaps, is more than can be said of

any other ferry in the United States. The boats which ply back and forth almost every moment in the day, when seen from the high bank, appear, as they dance upon the agitated waves, exceedingly diminutive and insecure; yet they will safely carry thirty persons. At the foot of the stairs, or where the cars stop, if there is little or no wind, or if it is blowing up the river, let him turn short round to the left. He can approach within a few feet of the American Fall, without inconvenience from the spray. It is, in the opinion of the writer, one of the most grand and sublime views on the American side. At no other point do we get as correct an impression as to the height of the American Fall. The reason is, we are below, nearer the falling sheet, and are looking up. This remark holds good everywhere; if we would get a correct idea of heights, we must be below and look up.—Questions by the visitor while crossing the river: How high is the American Fall? A. One hundred and sixty-four feet, perpendicular. Q. Do they go under that fall? A. Never; an attempt was made a few years since, but it was abandoned as a hopeless effort. Q. How deep is the river? A. In the center it averages two hundred fifty feet, for a mile up and down. Q. What is the cause of this dark, green color? A. This has never been satisfactorily explained; some think it is in the foliage, but this must be a

mistake; the same appearance is seen in the winter as well as in the summer. The most probable reason appears to the writer to be its depth. We would willingly exchange this opinion for a better, whenever it can be made to appear it is erroneous.

Charges for crossing the ferry, including the cars, is eighteen and three-quarters cents.

Landing on the Canada Side.

Here the visitor will be annoyed by all that ceaseless jargon of runners and solicitors, so usual in all the great thoroughfares of this country. There is a good carriage-road up the bank, and if the visitor feels disposed, he can walk at his leisure, and thus have more time to contemplate and appreciate this wonderful scene. If he prefers riding, he can get a good carriage, with careful drivers, to take him to Table Rock, generally for twelve and a half cents. It would be advisable to make a bargain before you start, as the drivers will sometimes tell you they will carry you for a shilling, meaning Canada currency. One shilling of that money is twenty-two cents on this side. Price of carriages by the hour, for the party, on that side, is usually seventy-five cents.

Clifton House.

This is a large hotel on the Canada side, at the top of the hill, as you descend the bank. Great

expense by the enterprising proprietor has recently been laid out in additions to the building, pleasure-garden, and residences for private families. It certainly is an excellent location, commanding a view of the American and Horse Shoe Fall. Eighty rods below, on the edge of the bank, is Victoria Point. Directly opposite the Clifton House, the other side of the street, is Mr. Holloway's, one of the most celebrated artists in this country. He spends his time in painting views of the Falls. Several small shops on the road-side where Indian work and refreshments are sold.

The Museum

Is near Table Rock. The galleries are arranged so as to represent an entire forest scene, and contain upward of ten thousand interesting specimens. Birds, Animals, Fish, Minerals, &c., a great variety of which were collected in the immediate vicinity. Charge for admittance, is 25 cents. This includes the Camera Obscura, Buffaloes, &c. About twenty rods below the Museum, is the point where Miss Martha K. Rugg fell over the bank, one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. (See Casualties.) The next grand, and all absorbing point of interest, is Table Rock.

Table Rock

Is on the Canada side, connected with the great Horse Shoe Falls, and the terminus of the carriage-road in this direction. It was formerly about fifteen rods long, and three wide, and projects over the precipice from fifty to sixty feet. Thousands of the most timid have stood upon this giddy eminence with perfect safety, and gazed upon the resplendent grandeur of this enchanting, bewildering scene. While contemplating it, the mind is lost and sinks back upon itself, amid the immensity of God's works. And we hazard not too much in saying, there is nothing on the globe that compares with this view, in point of sublimity and interest. "I have," said a sea captain to the writer, who had followed the ocean for forty years, "seen the Maelstrom, the Burning Mountains, and all the wonders of the globe, but this is the most sublimely interesting of all." Two large portions of Table Rock have fallen within a few years, but have detracted but little from this grand view. Directly in rear, is the Prospect House, on the top of which is a Camera Obscura, and a splendid view of the Horse Shoe, and the Rapids. The charge for seeing the Camera, is 12 1-2 cents.

Going under the Falls.

The emotions excited while passing under the

eat sheet, are exceedingly variable. It is attributable, perhaps, to our state of health, physical courage, or nervous temperament. Some have a good deal of adventure in their constitutions — bold, fearless and determined: as the interest of the scene increases, difficulties vanish. Others are more timid and fearful, but equally resolute. And as far as the writer can judge from the countenances and expressions of those who have accompanied him, the feelings that involuntarily arise, are those of religious awe. We may have been schooled in infidelity, and taught to believe there is no God; but during our stay at the Falls, and especially under them, let the individual be an Atheist, if he can. (Impossible.) On returning, about fifty feet from the bottom of the stairs, let the visitor pause for a moment, and look up. "I did not," said a lady to the author, in company with her husband, from South Carolina, "feel the least agitated while under the falling flood; but at this point I trembled; not from any real or apparent danger; but my nerves, for a moment, seemed to give way." She soon regained her composure. "That scene," continued she, "is worth a journey across the globe."

Courage of Ladies.

"Do ladies ever go under the Falls?" is a question frequently proposed. Certainly, thousands —

and their numbers are nearly equal to those of the gentlemen, and their courage often surpasses them. No accident has ever occurred, unless from carelessness, or the uncalled-for adventure of some thoughtless traveler, in rushing out upon places where human beings never ought to go. There is an iron driven into the side of the rock, at the termination of the path. Visitors usually lay their hands upon this iron. At this point you can see all that can be seen, with perfect safety. Two or three feet beyond this, your path is intercepted by a perpendicular rock, which rises twenty or twenty-five feet from the angry flood below. This is called "Termination Rock." As much as to say, "you can approach me, with safety; but, beyond, you cannot go — here let thy proud steps be stayed." Some clamber down this rock to the water's edge; but this is uncalled-for, as all the wildness of this magnificent place is seen without running the least risk.

If the visitor has time, and feels disposed, the next object of interest is the Burning Spring — a good carriage-road, and a delightful ride.

Burning Spring.

This Spring is situated two miles above the Falls, on the Canada side, near the water's edge. It is the carbonated sulphuretted hydrogen gas, that burns. Touched with a match it gives out a brilliant



HORSE-SHOE FALL, FROM BELOW THE TOWER.

flame rising two or three feet high. Many are very much interested, and to those who have never seen any thing of the kind, it is an object of a good deal of interest. Charges, 12 1-2 cents.

Chippewa.

The village of Chippewa is on the British side, two and a half miles above the Falls. A few soldiers* have been stationed here since the Patriot War of '37 — '38. Landing of the British steamer Emerald, from Buffalo, N. Y. The terminus of the railroad from Queenston, connected with the British and American steamers for Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, and Quebec. A steamer plies daily from Chippewa to Buffalo.

Lundy's Lane Battle-Field.

Lundy's Lane, is a mile and a quarter from the Falls, on the Canada side. The battle, in its hottest fury, was fought principally in the night, with the bayonet; Gen. Peter B. Porter commanding the volunteers — Generals Brown and Scott wounded, Ryal and Drummond, (British generals,) wounded and taken prisoners. This, it is said, was the severest battle ever fought on this continent. British had, in killed and wounded, 877. Americans, 860.

* They have since been removed to Toronto, C. W

It was a drawn game — both parties claiming the victory. July 25, 1814.

The above was taken from General Brown's official report to the Secretary of War. For a description of Drummondville, where this battle was fought, see large map by the author, accompanying this work. This is sometimes blended with the Chippewa battle, but it is a mistake; Chippewa battle was fought near the Burning Spring. July 5, 1814.

If the visitor ascends to the top of a high Pagoda, on the battle-ground, he gets an excellent view of the surrounding country. Charges are from 12 1-2 to 25 cents. The visitor can return to the Clifton House, and cross at the Ferry. Charge for crossing to the American shore, is 12 1-2 cents; if he rides up on the Cars, 6 1-4 cents more; or, he can continue his route to the Suspension Bridge, cross, and return to his Hotel on this side. (See Chapter 3.)

Local Distances--Canada Side.

From the water's edge, to the Clifton House,....106 rods.

From the Clifton House to Table Rock,.....220 "

From Table Rock to Lundy's Lane Battle-

Ground,.....1½ miles;

To the Burning Spring,.....2½ "

To Chippewa,.....3 "

To the Whirlpool,.....	4½ miles.
To Brock's Monument,.....	7½ "
Number of Spiral Steps near Table Rock,.....	87

Fall of Table Rock.

On the 26th of June, 1850, our citizens were startled with the report, that Table Rock had fallen. Many of us instantly repaired to the place, to witness, for ourselves, an event we had long expected. What a chasm! What a tremendous crash! The rocks heaved, the earth trembled for a moment, as if collecting her mighty energies to heave from her bosom this cumbersome load, and hurl it, in spite of all resisting power, into the dark, yawning abyss below, which, like an enraged monster of the deep, devoured all at once, and whose voracious jaws are widely distended for another meal. Nearly half an acre, 200 feet long, 60 wide, and 100 thick, fell into the river, and almost every particle disappeared from sight. The noise produced by this fallen rock, was something like the rumbling of an earthquake. It was heard four or five miles on each side of the river. There was some fifteen minutes pause, the earth was again in motion, and then another crash. The ponderous load rolled with the velocity of lightning, and sunk far down into the deep below. Fortunately, no lives were lost, though some forty or fifty persons were standing upon the rock but a few moments before. A

blind man, who sells views of different cities and the Falls, felt the rock begin to move, and succeeded in reaching a place of safety, just in time to escape this headlong plunge.

An omnibus was placed upon the rock for the purpose of washing it — two persons were inside — they jumped for life, and were saved. The horses were taken off to feed. It went over, and not a fragment was ever seen. A gentleman and lady were below; several tons fell in the path, directly before them; they hastened to the top of the bank, and the whole went off at once. In 1818, a portion of Table Rock fell. In 1823, a large mass fell from the center of the Horse Shoe Falls. Another mass fell, connected with Table Rock, and extending under the sheet of water toward the point of the Horse Shoe, about 150 feet long, 50 wide, and 100 deep, carrying with it a canal boat, that had lain on the verge of the Horse Shoe, for months. Thus nature, not satisfied with what she had done, moved on, silently but triumphantly, to destroy her own works. But the natural cause, the *modus operandi* of these rocks falling, is the shale and marl below. These, by the action of the spray, frost, and the atmosphere, wear fastest at the bottom; and when they project sufficiently far to throw them beyond the perpendicular line of descent, they crack and fall of their own weight. Hundreds of instances

about the Falls, strikingly exemplify these remarks. There is one on the American Fall, near the shore. Another is seen from Luna Island, extending in a fissure toward the center of the American Fall; and a third is noticed a few rods from the Tower toward the center of Horse Shoe.

A Fissure in the remaining part of Table Rock.

This commences near the Stairs, leading back from the edge about three or four rods, and varying in width from three to fifteen inches. It is about 175 feet long, and 80 deep, and is seen and pointed out by almost every traveler who visited Table Rock. That portion which remains poises, apparently, upon a mere point, and is as destined to fall, as these waters are to roll, and it may go before night; but how long it will last, no mortal, this side of the other world, can tell. The citizens on that side have often threatened to put a blast into this crevice, and blow the whole off together, which might easily be done. The visitor will be urgently importuned to go under the sheet of water by runners who are employed for the purpose, and if he wishes to do so he will judge of its safety, for himself, after taking the above facts into consideration. Dresses and a guide will be furnished at either of the Houses, at an expense generally of 50 cents. There are not as many who go under the sheet of

water since, as before the rock fell. My own opinion is, it is not safe. Formerly, when the writer acted as a guide, he had accompanied parties under the falling flood more than a hundred times at different periods; but no inducement could prevail upon him to go there now, though perhaps he has as much nerve as most men, yet in his opinion the risk is too great, to effect so little. It is true there is an indescribable something in some persons, perhaps the name of being under Niagara, which gives this impulsive desire; but when the novelty has passed, this anxiety has passed with it, and the writer has never known the person who wished to return there the second time. There may be exceptions, but they have not come to his knowledge.

While on the subject of falling rocks, it may be proper to remark, that rocks which lay so thick below the American Fall, have unquestionably all rolled, at some period, from the high bank. This remark, in the opinion of Professor Lyell, and other geologists, holds good in every place, where large rocks are seen at the bottom of the Falls. In 1816, a rock fell just above the Museum, (Canada side,) 160 feet long, 40 wide, and 60 thick. The same year a large rock, weighing several hundred tons, fell near Biddle Stairs, on the west side of Goat Island, carrying with it, in its fall, a part of the roof of the Stairs. In 1818, immense quantities of

rock fell between Biddle Stairs and the Horse Shoe Fall, blocking up the path and rendering it difficult to get to the water's edge. We have time to mention but one instance more.

Sunday afternoon, Feb. 2d. 1852, a portion of the precipice, near the tower, on the South side of Goat Island, fell with a mighty crash. This portion extended from the edge of the island toward the tower, being about 125 feet long, and about 60 feet wide, of a somewhat elliptical shape, and reaching from the top to near the bottom of the fall. The next day, another piece, triangular, with a base of about forty feet, broke off just below the tower. But the next great performance was the most remarkable. Between the two portions that had previously fallen, stood a rectangular projection, about thirty feet long, and fifteen feet wide, extending from top to bottom of the precipice. This immense mass became loosened from the main body of rock, and *settled perpendicularly about eight feet*, where it now stands, an enormous column, two hundred feet high, by the dimensions above. The severity of the winter, and the long continuance of the intense cold, have doubtless produced these results. They are splendid exhibitions of the power of frost, in releasing this mass of rock from its kindred stratum. It held it within its cold embrace for a moment, then hurled it, with the might of a giant, into the chasm

below. And they strikingly exemplify the position of Professor Lyell, in reference to the recession of the Falls, which is found on another page.

Burning of the *Caroline*.

If a ship on fire at sea, at night, in a thunder-storm, is grand and terrific, no less so was the steamer-boat *Caroline* in flames, as she was loosed from her moorings at the old landing, near Fort Schlosser, and towed out into the middle of the river, by the command of Col. McNabb, a British officer. Here she was abandoned and left to her fate. The night was intensely dark. She moved steadily on—a broad sheet of lurid flame shot high into the heavens, illuming the western clouds with its red glare—rockets were ascending from the Canada shore, expressive of the success of the expedition. A universal shout rings out upon the night air, from the party who have just left the doomed boat. She enters the rapids at the head of Goat Island, nearest the Canada shore, careens over, rights, and passes on like a flaming meteor, to her final doom. Strikes upon Gull Island; swings around, awfully shattered by the conflict, the flames rolling on for a moment, not alarmed by Niagara's roar, but as if determined not to be encircled within its cold embrace, or be beaten by its mighty and terrific power. The war of the elements continues for an instant—the *Caroline* has

disappeared, leaving "not a wreck behind;" and Niagara is victor, proclaiming to the world that its power is not lessened by the strife of men, or any casual floating substance upon its bosom. Very few, however, beheld this grand spectacle, as it was in the night, and most of the inhabitants had retired from the frontiers. It is not our purpose, at this time, to enter into the minutiae of this affair; suffice it, the boat was charged by the British with aiding the refugees by carrying provisions and arms to Navy Island, which doubtless was true. This specification was brought before the court by the British consul at the trial of McLeod for the murder of a gentleman from Buffalo who was shot on board the *Caroline*. It will be recollected McLeod was acquitted.

The fragments of the boat that lodged on Gull Island remained there until the next spring. What was left of her after passing the rapids, went over the point of the Horse Shoe Fall. No person, we believe, was on board. December 29, 1839.

The Line between the two Governments,

As agreed upon by the Commissioners, (Gen. P. B. Porter was one, on behalf of the U. S. government,) is in the center of the river, or deepest channel, passing through the point of the Horse Shoe, through the center of Lake Erie, Lake Superior, and on to the northern boundaries of the United States.

Canal Boat on the Verge of the Horse Shoe Fall.

This boat was attached to a raft of saw-logs, and used for cooking, and as a lodging-room for the hands; but while attempting to tow this raft up the river from Chippewa, for the purpose of landing it on the American side, the rope broke, and the logs went over; but the boat was carried, by the force of the current, on to a rock, the lower side nearly out of water. It remained several months, but when the last portion of Table Rock fell, it went over.

Fort Schlosser

Is two and a half miles from the Falls, on the American side. It is memorable for its antiquity, and associations of the British and French, each holding alternately the possession as early as 1775.

Scarcely a vestige of the ruins marks the place where it once stood. It is not visited by travelers.

Indian Offering to the Falls.

In the month of August, 1851, the writer accompanied a party of Indians from the northwest wilds of Minnesota, (on their way to Washington,) to the foot of the American Falls. The wind was favorable, and we approached within a few feet of the falling sheet. They gazed in rapt wonder on the mighty flood, as it rolled its angry waters, and fell upon the resounding rocks below. For a long time,

Every wasele of their countenances indicated a religious awe, and their thoughts appeared to be communing with some superior power. At a signal from their chief, they drew a small red pipe from their girdle, and with a great deal of solemn gesturing, each threw his pipe under the Falls. This, I was told by the interpreter, was a religious offering to the Great Spirit, that he would be propitious to them, on their journey, and return them in safety to their homes. Was this superstition, or was it true devotion? We then conducted them to the Tower, on the west side of Goat Island. They were induced, by some ladies and gentlemen present, to give their views of what they saw. They did so, in the following words, as far as their language could be interpreted.

"Brothers," said the chief, "we live in the woods, far toward the setting sun. Our Fathers once owned these lands, and this river; they have told us of these Falls, but now we see them. Brothers, you are great, but you cannot stop this water; you cannot put your hand on its mouth and make it still. Yonder," pointing to the clouds, "is the great Spirit; he made these, and this is his work; and yonder," pointing to the rainbow, (which at the time shone most brilliantly,) "we see his face — we see him smile. We shall tell our children what we have seen. Brothers, our hearts are glad, that we

turned aside from our path, to see this great wonder Brothers, we thank the whites for our good treatment." The emotions of Red Jacket, the celebrated Indian Chief, while visiting the Falls some years since, were of a very different character. He admired the grandeur of nature's work, but not with that religious awe and devotional feeling, as did those wild untutored sons of the forest, mentioned above. Envy and jealousy rankled in his bosom against the white man, the destroyer of his race. He saw, at a glance, the superiority of the whites over the red man of the woods, and he hated him for that he had not the power to become his equal.

Point View

Is a few rods to the right of the Ferry House, on the American side. This was the last residence of Francis Abbot, the Hermit of Niagara. On this spot, a Pagoda was raised, which placed the spectator at an elevation of more than one hundred feet above the cataract, and two hundred and seventy feet above the river; but it was taken down about two years since. Nevertheless, the view from this point is grand and imposing. The American and Horse Shoe; Goat Island with its stately oaks and dark waving forest; the opposite iron-bound shore; the river below, with the Ferry Boats, dancing like

things of life upon the agitated waters; all render it a place of much attractiveness.

Stanzas

Addressed to the sojourners at Niagara Falls, on commencing the building of the Pagoda, August 11, 1843.

Those who have rambled over the wild domain,
And still desire to view it once again,
Enter the garden where an Abbott dwelt,
And roam where he, enraptured, gazed and knelt.
Still even yet those plaintive strains I hear,
Which once he wakened — and the pensive tear
Steals softly o'er my cheek, while the full heart
Essays to know what sorrow winged the dart
Which sent him forth a wanderer from his home,
'Mid these majestic scenes in silent grief to roam!

Say, wanderers! would ye dare the wild excess
Of joy and wonder words can ne'er express?
Would ye fain steal a glance o'er life's dark sea,
And gaze, though trembling, on Eternity?
Would ye look out, look down where God hath set
His mighty signet! Come — come higher yet,
And from the unfinished structure gaze abroad,
And wonder at the power of God!
To the Pagoda's utmost height ascend,
And see earth, air and sky in one alembic blend!

Up — though the trembling limb, and nerveless hand,
Strive to detain thee on the solid land;
Up — though the heart may fail, the eye grow dim,
Soon will the spirit nerve the quivering limb.
Up the rude ladder! gain the utmost verge —
Far, far below, behold the angry surge;

Beneath your feet the rainbow's arch declines,
 Gleaming with richer gems than India's mines ;
 And deep within the gulf, yet farther down,
 'Mid mist and foam and spray, behold Niagara's crown.

ALMIRA.

Lines

Addressed to the same on completing the edifice, October 25, 1844.

'T is finished, and the steps I now ascend,
 While proud Niagara's waters round me bend ;
 Tho' nerves may tremble, fears may fear alarm,
 Yet the Pagoda stands secure from harm :
 And, while I trembling wind its lofty height,
 I stop to rest and rapture fills the sight —
 The trembling limb gives place to firmer step,
 The summits gained ! majestic nature's met !
 Oh rapturous gaze, yet had I Shakspeare's pen,
 It would not — could not take the prospect in.

Wonderous, sublime, transcending all I've seen —
 There's something more than language can explain
 Those sparkling torrents from those dizzy heights,
 Gilded with Sun by day, and Moon by night ;
 That watery mist, that forms the radiant bow,
 Then fertilizes all the land below —
 That noble river, studded thick with green ;
 Those roaring Rapids rushing fast between —
 The tranquil Lake above, in foliage rich I view,
 Following the scene, the Whirlpool rapids too —
 My eye's exhausted with the rapturous gaze,
 My heart's expanded giving God the praise.

The above remarks of the poet, except those

alluding to the Pagoda, are still applicable to this place.

THE AUTHOR.

The following fragment, written in the Register of the Point View Garden, at Niagara Falls, on Sunday, August 1st, 1847, by Dr. BAXLEY, of Baltimore, illustrates the profound impressions produced on the mind and heart by this most wonderful work of Nature.

A Sabbath at Niagara.

Here, near the temple of Almighty God,
The soul wrapp'd in humility, bows down
In awe, and reverence. 'T is meet that man,
The creature, beholding the bold displays
Of pow'r stupendous, wisdom infinite,
Should look, through nature's grandest witness, up
To nature's God. And deeming here all time
A Sabbath, yet on this day appointed
Holy to Him who rear'd these rocky walls,
Buttress'd below by tide-washed massive piles,
Entablatur'd with beetling battlements,
And cornic'd with a waving wilderness
Of verdure — who outspread yon azure roof,
Now softly mellow'd with ethereal tint,
Or darken'd by the thunder's messenger
Gilded anon by lightning's gleams ; or now
Radiant with starry hosts, whose mirror'd beams
Carpet the billowy floor with silv'ry light —
Who raised yon altar, and upon its brow
Of emerald, in characters of light
Inscrib'd, e'en with his own right hand, "To God !"

Where ministering birds with notes attun'd
To an eternal anthem, hymn His praise,
And bear on dewy wings a pearly cloud
Of incense up toward the Almighty's throne,
Fit worshipers in nature's holiest fane —
Who guards the portal of this sacred place,
With ever-heaving sea of snowy foam,
Whose tempest voice, to man presumptuous, calls
"Thus, and no farther shalt thou go," and points
To ceaseless whirling tides, the awful
Maelstrom of Niagara, dread emblem of
Th' eternal doom of man, vain man, who seeks
To pass the limit of assigned command,
And moral law —

E'en on this Sabbath day,
Here, near God's own great temple, would we bow
In humble praise, and prayer; and while the lip
Rests silent, would the soul its homage give,
And favor seek; petitioning, that in
The devious path of life, so may we move,
That when these rocks shall melt with fervid heat,
When the rich garniture of teeming earth
Shall vanish, leaving no trace of brightness
Or of beauty, to tell that it once was;
This restless tide no longer flow, and its
Deep cadence cease; when the blue dome that spans
The earth, shall pale away, and radiant spheres
No longer shed abroad their hallow'd light;
Then may the hope, that rests upon His word
Who ne'er was false to man, who hangs his bow
Upon the cloud, and spreads it night and day
Upon His altar's incense, token to man
Alike of his redeeming power, and will;

Then may the hope that on His word relies,
Nurtur'd by love, and rectitude, grow strong
In trust, and prescience of a home "not made
With hands, eternal in the Heavens!"

AUGUST 1, 1847.

To Niagara.

WRITTEN AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF ITS FALLS, 1838, BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

Hail! Sovereign of the World of Floods! whose majesty
and might

First dazzles — then enraptures — then o'erawes the aching
sight;

The pomp of Kings and Emperors — in every clime and
zone,

Grows dim beneath the splendor of thy glorious watery
throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress — no armies bid thee stay —
But onward — onward — onward — thy march still holds
its way;

The rising mist that veils thee, as thine herald goes before,
And the music that proclaims thee, is the thundering
cataract's roar.

Thy diadem is an emerald green, of the clearest, purest hue,
Set round with waves of snow-white foam, and spray of
feathery dew,

While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thy ample
sheet,

And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy
feet.

Thy reign is of the ancient days — thy scepter from on
high —

Thy birth was when the morning stars together sang
with joy ;
The sun — the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon
thee now,
Saw the first wreath of glory which twined thine infant
brow.

And from that hour to this — in which I gaze upon thy
stream,
From age to age — in winter's frost, or summer's sultry
beam —
By day, by night — without a pause — thy waves with
loud acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds, have still proclaimed, the Great Eter-
nal name.

For whether, on thy forest barks, the Indian of the wood,
Or, since his days, the red man's foe, on his father-land
has stood —

Who e'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrent's
roar,

Must have bent before the God of all, to worship and adore.

Accept then, O Supremely Great! — O Infinite! — O
God!

From this primal altar — the green and virgin sod —
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To Thee! whose shield has guarded me thro' all my
wandering way.

For, if the ocean be as naught in the hollow of thy hand,
And the stars of the bright firmament, in thy balance,
grains of sand,

If Niagara's flood seem great — to us who lowly bow —
O! Great Creator of the whole! how passing great art
Thou!

Yet, tho' thy power is greater here
Than finite mind may scan,
Still greater is thy mercy,
Shown to weak dependent man.

For him thou cloth'st the fertile fields
With herbs, and fruit, and seed,
For him the woods, the lakes supply
His hourly need.

Around, on high — or far or near —
The universal whole,
Proclaim thy glory, as the orbs
In their fixed courses roll.

And, from creation's grateful voice,
Thy hymn ascends above,
While Heaven re-echoes back
The chorus, God is love.

Catlin's Cave

Is on the American side, about sixty rods below the Ferry, and this is the only way of getting to it. The bank is steep and precipitous, and difficult of access. It is about fifteen feet wide, and ten high. Except as containing a few specimens of petrified moss, it is not an object of interest, and is seldom visited by strangers.

CHAPTER III.

The Route to Canada, (Table Rock,) via the Suspension Bridge.

The time of starting on this excursion, for visitors generally, is after breakfast. This gives ample time to view all the places of interest in Canada, and return before dinner, and be ready for the afternoon train. Most of visitors, we think, in taking this route, prefer getting a carriage on this side, to take them all round, and return when they please. The drivers will say that they will take you to Table Rock for two, three, and sometimes four dollars. But the regular price at the Livery Stable, for a good carriage, is one dollar an hour. Others again prefer riding to the Suspension Bridge, and getting a carriage on that side, to take them to the Rock or elsewhere. I can only say, if I were going myself with a party, I should get a carriage on this side, for it is sometimes the case you cannot get a good one on the other side of the Bridge. The difference in the expense is but trifling, and frequently it costs the visitor more, by depending on that side for his conveyance. One thing further before we start, the visitor will understand, and that is, whether he

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engages a carriage by the hour, or by the job; it does not include the toll at the Bridge, unless a special bargain is made to that effect. The tolls are as follows: at the gate on the Plank Road, going and returning, for a carriage 5 cents; at the Suspension Bridge, for each passenger going over and returning, (if it is the same day,) 25 cents, or 12 1-2 cents each way. If he does not return, the charge is the same. For each carriage drawn by two horses, going and returning, is 50 cents — if he does not return, it is the same, (i. e.) 25 cents for each passenger, and 50 cents for the carriage besides. The above remarks are deemed necessary, because strangers are sometimes deceived.

Suspension Bridge

Is two miles below the Falls with a good Plank Road leading from all the Hotels on this side to it. The Bridge, when completed, will not be surpassed for bold daring, and magnificent grandeur, by any work of a similar character on this continent, or perhaps on the globe.

The following table shows the Basket Ferry, and the temporary towers of the Foot Bridge, when Mr. Elliott, his lady, and many of our citizens, both gentlemen and ladies, crossed over the river in a Basket, on a single wire, about an inch in diameter, two hundred and thirty feet above one of the

maddest streams on the globe. The Basket, with two and sometimes three persons in it, was suspended under the wire, and run down on an inclined plane, by means of wheels, very much at such an angle as the wires now are. They would pass from the high towers to the center of the course, and then would be drawn up by a windlass on the opposite side, and so *vice versa*. The usual time in crossing was from three to four minutes.* The work, under the supervision of the enterprising engineer, Mr. Elliott, was rapidly progressing, when the plank on the Foot Bridge, which were not bolted down, were blown off by a tremendous tornado into the rapids. Six men were at work on the bridge at the time, two made their escape to the shore—the frail structure next the tower was gone—four men were left at the mercy of the tempest, hanging with but two strands of No. 10 wire to support them, and prevent their falling into the rapids below. The wires to which they clung, with the tenacity of despair, oscillated with the utmost velocity sixty or seventy feet. The wind increased, and for a moment no power short of Omnipotence appeared capable of affording them the least relief. Their cries for assistance were becoming more feeble and indistinct, until they died away and were entirely lost amid

* The Basket is on the Canada side of the Bridge, kept for visitors to look at.

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the howling tempest; their hold on life more and more enfeebled, and it was expected by those who beheld this heart-rending scene, every instant to see them make the headlong plunge. The wind lulled for a moment, the Basket was instantly let down, with one man, carrying a small ladder, resting on the bottom and extending to the wires to which they hung, and thus one of the men descended and was drawn to the shore. Returning the second time, for the others, one of them exclaimed, "be quick, my strength is most gone, I shall fall in!" but fortunately they were all saved; one of them, however, could not stand for two hours after he got to the shore. When the Foot Bridge was laid down, before there was any railing, Mr. Elliot drove a horse and buggy across, and returned.

The following are the dimensions of the Great Railroad Suspension Bridge:

Length of span from centre to centre of Towers	800 feet.
Height of Tower above rock on the Am'n side	88 "
" " " " " " " Canad'n "	78 "
" " " " " Floor of Railway....	60 "
" " track " " Water.....	258 "
Number of Wire Cables.....	4
Diameter of each Cable.....	10 1/2 in's
Number of No. 9 wires in each Cable.....	3659
Ultimate aggregate strength of Cables..	12,400 t'ns
Weight of Superstructure.....	800 "
" " " " and maximum loads....	1250 "
Maximum weight the cable and stays will support.....	7300 "

Base of Towers.....	16 ft sq.
Top.....	8 "
Length of each upper Cable.....	1256½ feet
" " " lower ".....	1190 "
Depth of anchor pits below surface of rock.....	20 to 30 "
Outside width of Rail Road floor.....	24 "
Inside " " " " ".....	22 "
Total length of Wire in miles.....	4000

The novelty of crossing and connecting the two Governments, by an Iron chain,* was the bridge first used 12th of March, 1848, built by Mr. Chas. Elliot. It was a light and airy structure,—a mere spider web, compared with the present substantial R. R. bridge. The first one cost less than \$50,000. The bridge as it now stands,—one of the greatest engineering achievements in the world, was built under the control of John A. Roebling as Engineer, and Architect, at a cost of about \$500,000. It was a proud day for Mr. Roebling, Thursday, March 8th, 1855, when he crossed by steam for the first time, this wonderful structure. The carriage floor which will also be used for foot passengers, is suspended 28 feet below the R. R. track; it is therefore an enclosure, securely railed in, affording to visitors, by walking across, (which is usually preferred) the finest opportunity of viewing the scenery both up and down the river, and giving ample time to fully appreciate the astonishing mechanism on which they are stand-

*The wires were first got across by means of a Kite.

ing over the awful gulph beneath. The R. R. Bridge is constructed to meet the wants of all the lines of R. R. that centre here. A 6 foot guage is laid across for the Erie Road — a 4 foot $8\frac{1}{2}$ inch for the New York Central, and a 5 foot 6 inch for the Great Western Canada Road. Thus although there are three distinct tracks laid across the bridge, only one train can occupy them at once — all being within the compass of a 6 foot guage, and by an ingenious contrivance of switches, all possibility of danger from collision is avoided.

After crossing the bridge take the left hand road; this gives you a better view of the deep green river below you, the perpendicular, rocky banks for two miles, and you arrive at the Clifton House. For a description of the several places you will visit, see Appendix.

Bender's Cave

Is on the Canada side, about half way between the Clifton House and the Suspension Bridge. It is a cavity in the bank, about six feet high, and twenty long, formed by a decomposition of the limestone. It is not a place of much resort.

CHAPTER IV.

A Tour to the Whirlpool.

WHIRLPOOL, on the American side, is three miles below the Falls; there is an excellent carriage-road, planked the most of the way. Expenses for carriage, one dollar per hour. Passing through the gate near the Lank, twenty-five cents for each person. This is entirely different from any thing which has been seen about Niagara. After viewing this wild freak of nature's work from above, let the visitor, by all means, go below. From a bench placed for the accommodation of travelers, let him step about thirty feet up the river. Here commences the winding circuitous stairway that leads to the water's edge. There is no place about Niagara as wild and terrific as this.

About half way down the bank is a smooth, flat rock, projecting over his path some ten feet. This is called the half-way house. Parties of pleasure frequently drink a bottle of champagne here in honor of the place. At the foot is a small tree leaning toward the bank; it would be well to mark this, as it is the only place where you can ascend. While standing upon the rocks near the water's edge, cast your

THE WHIRLPOOL, FROM THE CANADA SIDE.



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eyes up the river toward the Canada shore; you will at once perceive the river is very considerably higher in the center than it is on each side. It is estimated by the Engineers, to be eleven and a half feet. If two men stand, the one with his feet in the water on the American side, and the other on the Canada shore, and extend their hands as high as they can reach, with a handkerchief or any thing of the kind in it, it cannot be seen by either. We know of no way to account for this wonderful freak of nature, unless its being compressed within the banks, and meeting with such resistance on the Canada side, having to turn almost an acute angle, that it cannot find its way out as fast as it accumulates above. Our business, however, is not to philosophize, but to state facts. The Whirlpool is visited by thousands for the wild and magnificent grandeur of its scenery. The river, in its wildest fury, rushes against a perpendicular bank about three hundred feet high, producing a re-action, roaring and swelling like some enraged giant struggling to be free. Logs, and other bodies, have been known to float in this whirl of waters for forty, and sometimes ninety days, before they could find their way out.

The following are among the many questions usually asked by the visitor before descending the bank.

Q. St. Mary, what a scene is this! Where does the river go?

A. There is no internal outlet. Step a few rods below — now look!

ONE OF THE LADIES. How beautiful and clear, and yet how powerful and rapid! With what commotion it bounds away! Is this a branch of Niagara?

A. No, Madam, this is the whole of the river — all the Niagara we have.

LADY. Oh! wonderful, sublime, and mighty river!

A. It is truly a wonderful river.

Three and a half miles below the Falls is the Whirlpool; and here a man by the name of Samuel Whitmore, of this township, threw a stone across to the Canada shore.

NOTE.—In June, 1841, three young men, deserters from the British Army, in attempting to cross the Niagara River in the night, below the Falls, were drowned, and their bodies were carried into the Whirlpool. For nearly two weeks they were floating round, amid the wrecks and floating timbers.

The following remarks, by a gentleman who saw them several days afterward, are descriptive of the scene, and we regret the writer's name is withheld.

THE AUTHOR.

Scene at the Whirlpool.

From far above, impetuously
The raging waters sweep ;
They come in their sublimity,
Descending leap o'er leap ;
In wrath and foam they rush along —
Through cavern'd rocks they flow,
And high toward the mirror'd skies,
The feathery mist they throw.

LEGEND OF THE WHIRLPOOL

Drive on, Drive on ye ever curling waves. Still fall, rebound, and sink away, in deafening notes; let your wild chorus peal, while from the shore, the trembling rocks give way, and roll destruction to the caverned deep. Amazement fills my mind while I behold these awful depths, doomed to perpetual strife, to agitation, and unceasing war. Those barriers firm, the rolling waves, within the bounds prescribed by Him who made them for his pleasure and at his word piled high, those monumental rocks. The powerful stream has rent aside the earth, and far below the hills, and the surrounding plain has sunk its course, sweeping resistless on its way, till, where old time on yonder lofty point has raised, for ages past, his throne of massive rocks, he bids the waves be stayed; receding back affrighted from their course, adverse they flow to nature's general law. The mighty flood reels like a drunken man, it wreths and foams. The angry Whirlpool

roars, till forced beneath, the rushing eddies sink, and all above the torrent overwhelming, spreads abroad. Forced from below the imprisoned waters gush, and plunge exulting on their course. Terror her ever wakeful vigils keeps, and frightful death presents his loathsome front. E'en now his work is riding on the deep, in mystic maze around, submissive here. And there, hideous to sight, amid broken wrecks three human forms appear as in life; with arms outspread upon the tossing waves, they whirl in the terrific dance of death; in waving unison above their heads, in snow-white plumes the screeching gulls repeat their cry, sad, shrill, and dissonant. It is their banquet, and to them their notes, amid their feast is sweet and musical. It even was voluptuary's song. Late, in those forms high expectations blazed, of liberty, of hope, of happiness, the promised land in view, comfort, long life, freedom and all the aspirations which man's fond heart revels rejoicing in, when the rapt mind the glorious future paints. Thy stream, Niagara, lay midway between the prospect of their visionary joys. They trusted to thy cold embracing waves, and they are thine; cut off from life they perished while hope's bewitching flowers were blossoming for them. Thou ruthless stream upon whose heaving bosom they are borne, night after night its lonely darkness spreads, and day succeeds to day, still thou

cradlest them in cruel mockery of this world's hope. How did they give up life; and with cold death, with what strong agony did they contend! What prayers arose, what thoughts, what words were theirs! How, 'mid the waves, they cheered each other on. Hold on, the shore is near! I see it there. Help, my strength fails, I sink—have mercy, Lord! Who knows his lot, when will death strike his blow; 'mid gurgling floods shall our last struggles be, or shall our doom in instant vengeance fall, our bodies riven by the flash of Heaven? Who formed us men, will work his own good end, and to his will let all submissive bow.

On returning to the plank-road, through a delightful grove, if the visitor wishes he can visit the Bloody Run, or the Devil's Hole. It is about a mile below, and Chasm Tower in the neighborhood.

Devil's Hole

Is three and a half miles below the Falls on the American side, formed by a chasm in the eastern bank of the river one hundred fifty or two hundred feet deep. An angle of this gulf is within a few feet of the road, offering the traveler, without alighting, an opportunity of looking into the yawning abyss beneath. During the French war, a detachment of the British army, while retreating from Fort Schlosser, (about five miles south,) were decoyed

into an ambush of French and Indians. The yell of the savage, as it rung out upon the midnight air, was the first indication of their attack. Baggage-wagons, officers, men, women and children, were encircled and pushed over the bank, and plunged into the awful chasm below. By the most authentic account, the number who perished is two hundred and fifty. Their bones lay bleaching for years, and some of them are to be seen to this day. Two persons only escaped; a drummer who was caught in the branch of a tree in his descent, and a man by the name of Stedman, (the same who put the goats upon Goat Island;) while attempting to flee, the bridle-reins were seized by the savages; he instantly cut them loose and escaped. The Indians afterward gave him all the land he encircled in his flight, which was the point between the Devil's Hole and Fort Schlosser, including the Falls. The visitor can descend the stairs to the water's edge if he chooses, but, like the "Indian gun, it costs more than it comes to." What has produced this wonderful chasm, is left much to conjecture to determine. Professor Lyell thinks the small stream that pours over into the gulf, near an old saw-mill, would have been "perfectly competent to have cut the ravine, and we need look for no more powerful cause." The battle above mentioned, occurred 1765. Charges for going on to the rock, and descending the stairs

below, twelve and a half cents. Chasm Tower, or Mount Eagle, is a few rods below.

Chasm Tower

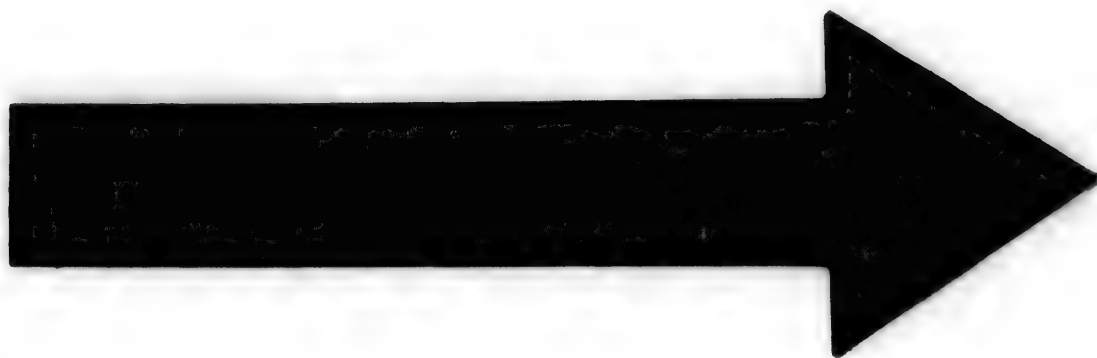
Is three and a half miles below the Falls, American side. A panoramic view, the specular medium on the top of the Tower, through which the landscape is viewed in varied and glowing colors, the deep gulf, the infuriated river, as it roars and rushes with the velocity of light, the Canada shore, Brock's monument, make it attractive, and visitors are generally interested. Charges twelve and a half cents for ascending the Tower, seventy-five feet high.

Maid of the Mist,

Two miles below the Falls, usually makes three trips a day, passing American Fall, Goat Island, Horse Shoe Fall, and returns to her landing just above the Suspension Bridge. The boat makes her trip in about thirty-five or forty minutes.

Hackmen and Guides.

There is generally carriages to be had at any time, and at all places that you may be; for the hackmen make it a business to hunt up parties, and carry them wherever they may want to go. There are also persons who act as guides, and who go with



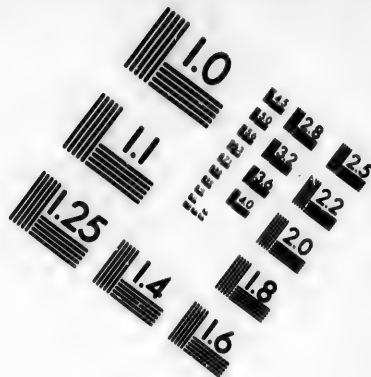
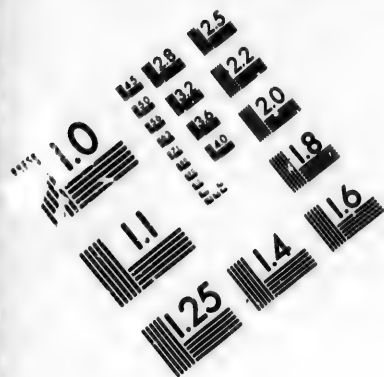
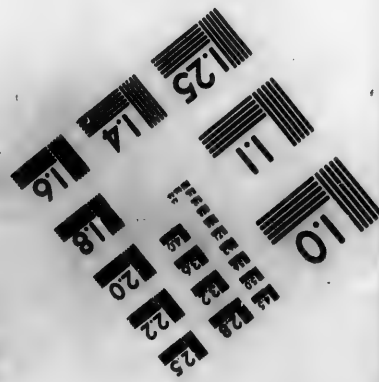
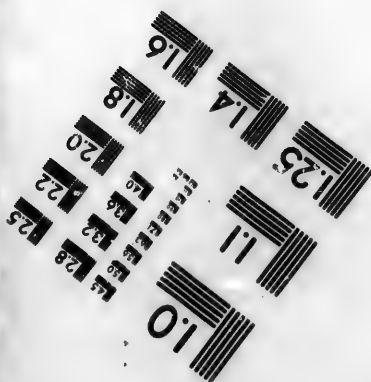
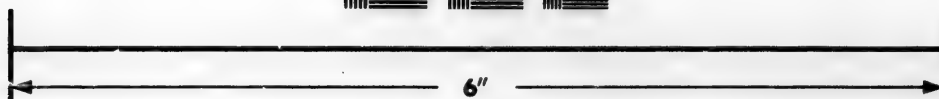
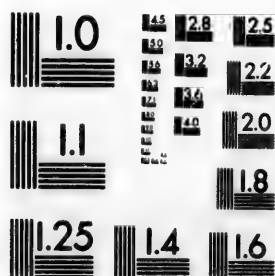


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parties. They are very useful, especially if you have but a short time to stay, and want to make the most of the time you can.

Local Distances about the Falls--American Side.

From Cataract House to Ferry.....	90 rods
“ the Eagle Hotel.....	85 “
“ “ Falls Hotel.....	80 “
“ “ St. Lawrence.....	75 “
“ “ Niagara House.....	79 “

From the hotels to the

Suspension Bridge.....	2 miles
Maid of the Mist.....	2 “
Whirlpool.....	3 “
Devil's Hole, or Bloody Run.....	3½ “
Indian Village.....	9 “
Lewiston.....	7 “
Fort Niagara.....	14 “
Number steps at the Ferry.....	290
“ “ “ “ Whirlpool.....	85
“ “ “ “ Devil's Hole.....	64
“ “ “ Chasm Tower.....	90

Indian Village

Is nine miles from the Falls, American side. There is nothing here that has the shape of a village. A few scattering huts, most of them log-houses, are all that can be seen. A ride to the meeting-house on the Sabbath is frequently made—preaching in English by a missionary, and interpreted into the



NIAGARA FALLS FROM POINT VIEW, AMERICAN SIDE.

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Indian language by the chief, or one of the tribe. They are the Tuscaroras, formerly from North Carolina, once a powerful, warlike tribe, but are diminished away to a mere handful. Their women are at the Falls nearly every day during the visiting season, and are very ingenious in making bead-work, which they offer for sale. Charges for a carriage to the village, there is no definite price; generally from three to four dollars.

Health of the Falls.

- No place in the United States can boast of a greater degree of uninterrupted health than the Falls. Not an epidemic, or case of cholera has ever originated here, though the fell destroyer has laid low many citizens at Buffalo, Tonawanta, Lockport and Lewiston; yet we have escaped. This is attributable, doubtless, in some degree, to the rapid current of the river, and the pure and exhilarating state of the atmosphere. Whatever may be the cause, such is the fact; and it is acknowledged by everyone.

Game.

Some strangers visit the Falls with all the implements for a long and successful chase among the buffalo, bear and deer; but nothing of the kind is found in our woods, though they might, in former

ages, have roamed fearless through the forest here; but now they are all gone — a few squirrels, pheasants and ducks are only to be met with. Occasionally a bald eagle is seen sailing high in air, whose eye is not dimmed by the noontide blaze, and darting its fiery look upon the multitudes who congregate upon the banks of this mighty river, and with a piercing scream, soaring away to the lands unknown.

Fishing.

At Fort Schlosser, two and a half miles above the Falls, a few white and black bass are taken, and those who are expert, often catch the pickerel and the pike, and considerable quantities of different kinds are sometimes taken in nets. The angler is frequently more successful below Biddle Stairs, west side of Goat Island.

Amusements.

Nature has done much to amuse, art but little. A ball-alley, billiard-table, cotillion parties are the principal.

Churches.

There is a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Methodist, a Baptist and a Catholic church.

Hotels.

The Cataract House has long been considered among the first class houses in the United States. The International Hotel is also a new and first class house, centrally located, with spacious rooms and elegant appointments. The Eagle, the Empire, the Falls Hotel, the National, the Franklin House, the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, the Averil House, the Clarendon, the Rochester House, and the Western Hotel, are all Houses well patronised during the Visiting Season.

The Mont eagle House, located at the Suspension Bridge, is considered one of the finest Hotels in the country.

The De Veaux College,

Situated at the Falls, was founded by the bequest of the person whose name it bears, for the education of orphan children of parents belonging to the Episcopal Church.

Indian Curiosities.

The great Indian store directly opposite the Cataract House, is the most extensive in the state. At the old Curiosity shop, toll-gate, and on Goat Island, are also large assortments of Indian, moose-hair, Quaker and other kinds of work for sale.

CHAPTER V.

Recession of the Falls.

Professor Lyell says:—"The first feature which strikes you in this region is the escarpment, or line of inland cliffs, one of which runs to a great distance east from Queenston. On the Canada side it has a height of more than three hundred feet. The first question which occurs when we consider the nature of the country, is, how cliffs were produced; why do we so suddenly step from this range to the gypseous marls, and then so suddenly to the subjacent shale and sandstone. We have similar lines of escarpment in all countries, especially where the rock is limestone; and they are considered to be ancient sea-cliffs, which have become more gentle in their slope, as the country has emerged from the ocean. You may perhaps ask if the Ontario may not once have stood at a higher level, and the cliffs been produced by its action, instead of that of the ocean. Some of you may have rode along the ridge road, as it is called, that remarkable bank of sand which exists parallel, or nearly so, to the present borders of Lake Ontario, at a considerable height above it. I perfectly agree with the general opinion respecting this, that it was

the ancient boundary of Lake Ontario. In some parts of it fresh water shells have been found. You cannot explain the escarpment by the aid of the action of the lake, for it extends farther and not in the same direction. When the land emerged gradually from the sea, as it is now doing, the sea would naturally create those sea-cliffs, and during the upheaval they would of course become inland. In Europe, proofs that limestone rocks have been washed away are abundant. In Greece, in the Morea, this is especially conspicuous. We have there three limestones one above the other, at various distances from the sea. Along the line you may see literal caves worn out by the action of the waves. The action of the salt spray, which has also effected a sort of chemical decomposition, is also easily to be observed. So completely is this the case with each of these lines that you cannot doubt for an instant that here is a series of inland cliffs; and this phenomenon being so certain in the Morea, leads us by analogy to infer that these escarpments of the district were produced by a similar cause.

It is not disputed that there is some change going on at the falls, even now. There occurs, as we know, occasionally a falling down of fragments of rock, as may be seen at Goat Island. The shale at the bottom is destroyed in consequence of the action of the spray and frost; the limestone being thus undermined,

falls down; and it has been believed that in this way there has been a recession of about fifty yards in about forty years; but this is now generally admitted to have been overstated. There is at least a probable recession of about one foot every year: though part of the fall may go back faster than this; yet if you regard the whole river, even this probably will be something of an exaggeration. Our observations upon this point are necessarily imperfect; and when we reflect that fifty years ago the country was perfectly wild, and inhabited by bears, wolves, and here and there a hunter, we shall think it surprising that we have any observations at all, even for such a period back. We have an account of the falls, given by Father Hennepin, a French Missionary, who gives an exaggerated description of them, and yet one which is tolerably correct. He represents a cascade as falling from the Canada side across the other two. He says that between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, there is a vast and wonderful waterfall; after speaking of this, he says there is a third cascade at the left of the other two, falling from west to east, the other falling from south to north. He several times alludes to the third cascade, which he says was smaller than the other two. Now, those who consider that because Father Hennepin gave the height of the falls at six hundred feet, small value is to be attached to his testimony respecting any part of the country, do

him injustice. I think it perfectly evident that there must have been such a third cascade, falling from west to east, as that to which he alludes.

A Danish naturalist, in the year 1750, who came to this country and visited the falls, of which he has also given us a description, which was published in the Gentleman's Magazine, in 1751, also gives a view of the Falls. In its general features his description agrees well with that of Father Hennepin. He went seventy-three years after him, and there was then no third cascade. But the point where Father Hennepin had put his cascade, he had marked, and says that, "that is the place where the water was forced out of its direct course by a prodigious rock, which turned the water and obliged it to fall across the falls." He goes on to say, that only a few years before, there had been a downfall of that rock; which was undoubtedly part of the table rock; and after that the cascade ceased to flow. Now, it does not appear whether he had ever seen Hennepin's account or not, he only mentions the fact that there had been a third cascade; and it is a striking confirmation of the accuracy of Father Hennepin's description. We find these two observers, at an interval of seventy years apart, remarking on the very kind of change which we now remark as having taken place within the last fifty years; an undermining of the rock, and a falling down of the limestone, and a consequent

obliteration of the fall. Every one who has visited the Falls, on inquiring of the guides about the changes that have taken place, may have been told that the American Fall has become more crescent shaped than it was thirty years ago, when it was nearly straight. The center has given way, and now there is an indentation of nearly thirty feet. The Horse Shoe Fall also has been considerably altered. It is not of so regular a crescent shape as formerly, but has a more jagged outline, especially near Goat Island; it has less of the horse-shoe shape, from which it derives its name, than when it was given. It is quite certain that things there are not stationary; and the great question is, whether, by this action, the whole Falls have been reduced in this manner. From representations made by other travelers, I was desirous of ascertaining whether fresh water remains were found on Goat Island, as had been said; for it would be striking, if on this island there should be a stratum of twenty-five feet of sand and loam, pebbles and fresh water shells. They were found there, and I made a collection of several species of shells found on the island; among them were the *planorbis*, a small *valvata* and several other kinds. They were of kinds generally found living in the rapids, in the river above, or in the lake.

In digging a mill-race there, only a few years

since, there were found a great number of shells, and also a tooth of a mastodon, some twelve or thirteen feet below the surface. It was the common Ohio mastodon, and must have been buried beneath these twelve or thirteen feet of fresh water deposit, one layer at a time, each containing different shells. In answer to my question, whether similar shells were ever found lower down? the guide said he would take me to a place, half a mile below, where the strata had been laid open. We found there deposited in the rock a small quantity of fresh water shells, showing that this old deposition extended down to that distance. Here we have proofs that the river once stood at a higher level, and in a tranquil state; and there is every appearance of the rock having been like a solid barrier to hold the waters back in a lake-like state, so that they might throw down those fresh water deposits at that height. You will understand this better, if you consider that if the Falls go on receding, no matter at what rate, — an inch, a foot, a yard, a year, — in the course of time the whole must recede considerably from its present condition. What proofs should we have of this afterward? You will easily see that if the river should cut its way back to a certain point, the effect would be to remove the rocky barrier, the limestone of the rapids, which has been sufficient to pond the river back. But if the river cuts its way back, this

barrier could no longer exist; the channel would be deepened, and the deposits existing high and dry upon the land, would become proof of the recession. This kind of proof we have, that the Falls have receded three miles from the Whirlpool, the limestone having been higher at the Whirlpool than the river at the Falls. It may be well to say, that the beds all dip to the south, at the rate of about twenty-five feet in a mile. In seven miles the dip causes a general rise of the platform to the north, so that when at the top of the cliff, you are at a greater height than the level of Lake Erie; and if the Falls were formerly at Queenston, their height was probably near double what they now are.

Mr. Hall suggested that at that time the whole fall was not at one place, and I think it quite likely that such was the case. There is reason to believe that one fall was upon the quartzose sand below, and the other on the Protean bed. The upper part would of course recede faster than the lower, because it is softer, as is seen to be the case at Rochester; but the limestone becoming thicker and harder, would recede more slowly. There may have been several falls, as at Rochester, each one of them being less high than at present, and yet the whole being nearly double its present height.

I told you that the river fell about one hundred feet between the base of the Falls and Lewiston, so

that the bed slopes at that rate. This slope of the river, and then the upward slope of the platform, are the reasons why the Falls are now of less height than formerly; so when we carry ourselves back in imagination to the time when the river had not receded so far, we have a barrier of limestone much higher. The valley in which the river then flowed must have been much narrower than its present ravine. The distance now from the Canada to the American side is about three quarters of a mile, whereas at half a mile below, it is only half that distance.

Farther investigations, by tracing the fresh water deposits lower, will give more precise information.

You might suppose that if we find the remains of a mastodon in a fresh water deposit so lately laid dry, as that near the village of Niagara, and only twelve feet below the surface, the mastodon has lived in the country at a modern period; you might think that a few centuries would have been sufficient for the accumulation of twelve feet of shelly sandstone and limestone, and that it may have been recently that this mastodon was buried, when the barrier was at the Whirlpool, before this twelve feet of fluviatile strata were deposited. Yet these strata are older than the Whirlpool.

Among the objections to the supposition that the ravine was cut out by the Niagara, one is, that at

the place called the Devil's Hole, or the Bloody Run, the ravine must have been cut by some more powerful cause, than by a slight stream.

But this I regard as no objection at all, for on examining the nature of the soil, &c., I am convinced that even the small stream which now flows, would have been perfectly competent to cut out the ravine, and that we need look for no more powerful cause.

Suppose the Falls once to have been near Queens-
ton, they would recede differently at different times; faster when the soft shale was at the base, at other times slowly, when the hard sandstone was to be cut through. First of all comes the quartzose sandstone for a certain distance; then the falls recede slowly, but more rapidly when it came to the soft shales. Then comes the sandstone again at the base, which now extends to the Whirlpool, and here the movement was slow. It probably stood for ages at the Whirlpool. Then for another period it receded more rapidly; and it is probable that for the last mile, its recession has been comparatively slow, because the Protean group, and about twenty feet of sandstone, making about fifty feet of hard rock at the base were to be cut through. It is certain that the movement now is at a faster rate, as the shale is exposed."

The above reasoning perfectly coincides with the opinion of Dr. Dwight, and others who have devoted

any time to the subject, and strangers, as far as the author has been enabled to learn, have come to the same conclusion.

Niagara

Is an Indian word, from Onyakarra, supposed to be the Iroquois language, as they were the first who dwelt here, as far as we know. The meaning of the term is "mighty, wonderful," thundering water. It lies in latitude 43 degrees, 6 minutes north, and longitude 2 degrees, 5 minutes west from London.

NIAGARA IN THE WINTER OF 1855.

The almost unparalleled severity of the Winter of 1855-6, was not without its effect on the Falls, causing a combination of the rarest ice formations, perhaps, ever presented in their history. Then the Northern King had full sway, and the frost worked its wonders on the water, turning the river into hard, unyielding granite.

The silence of the grave hung over nature, broken only by the eternal roar of that descending cataract, as the torrent rushed amongst the gigantic columns and magic shreds of ice. Facing the Horse Shoe Falls rose mountains of ice, resembling the vast glaciers that repose on the sides of the Alps, while in each crevice and hidden nook were fairy scenes of loveliness and beauty, the sole work of frost and spray. Strong as was the iron grasp of Winter, petrifying in its power, that eternal flood unchecked descended, colder in its aspect, darker and more mysterious than in Summer is its expression.

Language, indeed, is powerless to portray Niagara as it then appeared, in its Winter dress.

CHAPTER VI.

The Upper Lakes.

We will now invite the attention of the traveler to the head waters of the Niagara River.

Lake Superior is the greatest body of fresh water in the world. It is near the north-west boundary of the United States. A small river flows into it from the north, fed by the red lakes in Canada.

It lies between 46 and 49 degrees of north latitude, and between 84 and 93 degrees of west longitude from London.

It is 459 miles long, 109 wide, and 800 feet deep. In the neighborhood of Lake Superior are the greatest and richest copper mines in the world.

The following are the principal rivers that flow into this inland sea: Taquamenaw, White Fish, Two Heart, Prairie, Chocolate, Dead, Garlic, St. Johns, Huron, Keewitiwana, Misery, Flint Steel, Octonagon, Iron, Camp, Montreal, Chippewa, Wisconsin, and several smaller ones, making forty-five small and three large rivers that empty into this lake. On the Iron river are perpendicular falls of more than 600 feet, and some of the rivers are large, and navigable for hundreds of miles. The outlet

of Lake Superior is the Straits of St. Mary's. It is 95 miles long, and pours its waters into Lake Huron. This lake is 218 miles long, 180 wide, and 500 feet deep. The boundary line between Canada and the United States passes through the center of this lake. Lake Huron receives the waters of Lake Michigan, through the Straits of Mackinaw, which are 15 miles long, and 10 broad. The following are some of the principal rivers that empty into Lake Huron: Saginaw, Ausable, Thunder Bay, Cheboygan, Cass, Tiltibawasse, and several smaller ones.

Lake Michigan is 300 miles long, 55 wide, and 200 feet deep. Some of the principal rivers that empty into Lake Michigan, are: the Betseys, Manistota, Natipekago, White, Mashegon, Grand, Kalamazoo, St. Josephs, with eight smaller rivers. Green Bay empties into Lake Michigan, on the north-west corner. It is 100 miles long, 20 wide, and 75 feet deep. Green Bay receives the waters of Fox River, which is the outlet of Winnebago Lake. Menomonee, Peshtigo, Oconto, and several streams of smaller size, discharge their waters into this Bay. All the waters of the upper Lakes, the wonder and admiration of the world, are united and empty into the St. Clair River, 40 miles long, and 35 feet deep. St. Clair River discharges its waters into St. Clair Lake, which is about 95 miles in circumference. The outlet of this lake is the River Detroit, 27 miles long,

and twenty-five feet deep, which empties into Lake Erie, which is three hundred and ninety miles long, sixty-five wide, and nine hundred feet deep. The Sandusky, the Grand, the Cuyahoga, the Maumee and several smaller rivers empty into Lake Erie. Such are the sources of Niagara River—inferior for splendor, grandeur, and magnificence to none on the globe. The outlet of ten lakes and more than one hundred rivers, it drains, from both, a surface of over 150,000 square miles of water. Lake Erie is three hundred and thirty-nine feet higher than Lake Ontario, (distance thirty-six miles,) and five hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the ocean. Niagara River falls from Lake Erie to Goat Island, (twenty-two miles) twenty-five feet; from the head of Goat Island to the main fall, (half a mile) fifty-two feet; perpendicular height of the Falls on the American side, one hundred and sixty-four feet; on the Canada side, one hundred and fifty eight; from the Falls to the Whirlpool, (two and a half miles) sixty-four; from the Whirlpool to Lake Ontario, (eleven miles) twenty-five; total, three hundred and thirty-nine. We will now briefly notice some of the most important places we have passed from the head waters of Lake Superior to the Falls, and then start on our northern tour.

The falls of St. Marys are between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, offering great hydraulic power,

which, when the country becomes more settled, must be extensively used. The Straits of Mackinaw connect Lake Michigan with Lake Huron. It is a military post. The Indians assemble here once a year to receive their annuity from the United States government.

DETROIT is eighteen miles from Lake Erie, situated on a river of the same name. It was formerly a military post of the French, and a great depot for the fur trade. It is now the seat of an extensive commerce. Population 20,000. The Michigan Central Railroad commences at Detroit for Chicago. Distance two hundred and sixty-eight miles.

AMHERSTBURGH, (Upper Canada,) generally known by the name of Malden, is at the mouth of the Detroit River, where, during the last war, a very severe engagement between the British and Americans was fought. The bones of seven hundred of the bravest sons of Kentucky lay bleaching upon the earth, the victims of the most wanton perfidy; but the British paid dearly for this outrage, at the battle of the Thames.

SANDUSKY is in the state of Ohio, on a bay of the same name near the head of Lake Erie — a thriving, commercial place. Cars leave daily for Cincinnati.

CLEVELAND is handsomely located, and has great commercial advantages both by the lake, Ohio and Erie canal and the Cincinnati railroad.

ASHTABULA, (Ohio,) has a tolerably good harbor, but it is difficult for vessels to get in, in time of a storm.

DUNKIRK, (N. Y.,) of necessity must be a place of great importance, it being the terminus of the New York and Erie Railroad — through to New York in eighteen hours.

BUFFALO, at the outlet of Lake Erie is the great commercial emporium of western New York. It has no rival in the Empire State. The capital invested, the enterprise of its inhabitants, the amount of business done, cannot be surpassed. Several of the buildings are grand specimens of architecture, and would do credit to any city in America. Population 50,000. Seven trains of cars leave daily (Sundays excepted) for Albany, Saratoga, Boston, passing through Rochester, Canandaigua, Geneva, Auburn, Syracuse, Utica, Schenectady, &c.

Distance from Chicago (Ill.) to Buffalo, via Michigan Central Railroad, is as follows:

From Chicago to New Buffalo.....	50 miles.
“ New Buffalo to Detroit.....	218 “
“ Detroit to Buffalo.....	250 “

BLACK ROCK, four miles from Buffalo, possesses advantages from its hydraulic power, but does not appear to be much improved.

TONAWANTA, eleven miles from the Falls. The railroad crosses the Tonawanta creek and Erie canal, at this place.

CHAPTER VII.

Northern Route.

Having accompanied the tourist to the sources of Niagara, we will now start on our northern tour to Montreal and Quebec, and see where the mighty river empties. But before we leave, we will count up the distances, which are as follows: (Canada side.)

Niagara Falls and Montreal Route.

Niagara Falls to Lewiston.....	9— 9
Lewiston to Toronto ; steamboat.....	43— 52
Toronto to Port Hope.....	65—117
Port Hope to Cobourg.....	7—124
Cobourg to Kingston.....	110—234
Kingston to Brockville.....	52—286
Brockville to Ogdensburgh.....	12—298
Ogdensburgh to Cornwall.....	50—348
Cornwall to Coteau du Lac.....	41—389
Coteau to Cascades.....	14—430
Cascades to Lachine.....	24—427
Lachine to Montreal.....	9—436

Montreal and Troy Route.

Montreal to La Prairie ; steamboat.....	9— 9
La Prairie to St. Johns ; railroad.....	15—24

St. Johns to Burlington; steamboat.....	75— 99
Burlington to Whitehall.....	75—174
Whitehall to Saratoga; railroad.....	36—210
Saratoga to Troy; railroad.....	31—241
Or from Whitehall to Troy; railroad.....	65—306

Passengers for Lake George stop at Ticonderoga.

Ticonderoga to Alexandria; stage.....	3
Through Lake George to Caldwell; steamboat	36
Caldwell to Saratoga; stage.....	27
Burlington to Boston; railroad.....	212
Troy to New York; steamboat.....	150
Troy to Boston; railroad.....	206

By the Canadian mail line, passengers go through from Niagara Falls to Montreal, in thirty-six hours, passing the Thousand Islands, and the River St. Lawrence by daylight. A short description of the places we pass on our route from the Falls* to Montreal, Lake Champlain, Saratoga, &c., will now be given.

LEWISTON is seven miles from the Falls, at the head of navigation on Lake Ontario. This place, together with Niagara Village, Black Rock and Buffalo, was laid in ruins in the war of 1812-13. "There can be little doubt," says Professor Lyell, "that the mighty cataract of Niagara poured its immense volumes of water here, and by a constant abrasion has receded seven miles."

* Three trains of cars leave the Falls daily (Sundays excepted) for Buffalo and Albany. Through to Albany in fourteen hours.

QUEENSTON is directly opposite Lewiston, at the foot of the heights generally known as the "battle of Queenston Heights." The banks below the village are seventy feet high; above, two hundred and thirty. The river is six hundred feet wide. A suspension bridge is now completed across the river, owned by a joint stock company of Canadians and Americans. Dimensions: ten wire cables; distance between towers, 1040 feet; total length of cables, 1245; length of road-way, eight hundred and forty-nine; width, twenty feet; it is estimated to bear eight hundred and thirty-five tons without breaking; cost, £12,000 or \$60,000.

BROCK'S MONUMENT is on Queenston Heights, (Canada side.) Height, one hundred and twenty-six feet, and from top to the level of Niagara River, three hundred and ninety-six; number of steps, one hundred and seventy. It was attempted to be blown up by one Lett, a Frenchman, who nearly lost his life, by this savage freak of revenge. The following memorial is inscribed on the monument:

"The legislature of Upper Canada has dedicated this monument to the many civil and military services of the late Sir Isaac Brock, Knight, Commander of the most honorable Order of the Bath, Provincial Lieutenant Governor and Major General, commanding his Majesty's forces therein. He fell in action on the 13th of October, 1812, honored

and beloved by those whom he governed, and deplored by his Sovereign, to whose services his life had been devoted. His remains are deposited in this vault, as is also his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Colonel John M'Donald, who died of his wounds, the 14th of October, 1812, received the day before in action."

FORT NIAGARA, seven miles below, (American side,) stands in the angle made by the eastern bank of the river and the southern shore of Lake Ontario. It is in the form of a triangle: one side commands the river, and Fort George on the opposite bank; another faces the lake; the third is to defend the plain in the rear. From the light-house, the view of the lake and the opposite shore is only limited by the power of the human vision. Directly opposite is Fort Massissaga; a little above is old Fort George; just below is Newark, burned by General McClure in 1813; directly across the lake is the city of Toronto; to the west is Burlington Heights. If this old fort* could speak, it would tell of the battles fought, the victories won, and a tale of intrigues and horror, that, even at this removed distance, thrills even the stoutest nerves. It was built by the French, 1725; passed into the hands of the British by the conquest of Canada;

* This is the place where the celebrated Mr. Morgan (a free mason) was confined after his abduction.

surrendered by them to United States, 1796; taken and burned by the British, 1813; and surrendered again to the Americans on the restoration of peace.

FORT GEORGE, or NEWARK, is directly opposite. The village was burnt during the last war; which event was followed by the burning of several frontier villages on the American shore, as retaliatory. Fort George, near the village, is the most prominent, and perhaps the only object of interest presented. It is in a state of tolerable preservation, and has generally, since the war, been occupied as a garrison, by a small number of British soldiers.

TORONTO, the greatest commercial city in Upper Canada, is on an arm of Lake Ontario, thirty-six miles from the mouth of Niagara River. It affords one of the best harbors in the world; a thousand ships of the line can ride here in perfect safety. It is one of the most independent military posts in the province. Two or three regiments of soldiers are usually stationed here. The Parliament House, the governor's residence, and many other buildings are fine specimens of architecture: population 30,000. Daily lines of steamboats cross to Hamilton, Niagara, and down the lake to Kingston, Montreal &c. The first place the boat touches at, after leaving Toronto, is

PORT HOPE, sixty-five miles. It is a small town on the Canada side, situated on a river of the same

name. The water-power is very considerable. It is one of the best harbors on the lake.

COBOURG is seven miles from Port Hope; a small place, and it would be difficult to call it a seaport, for nothing of the kind indicates it; population about 2000.

A steamer runs from Toronto to the mouth of Genesee River, (American side,) and touches at Port Hope and Cobourg. The width of the lake at this point is eighty miles.

KINGSTON contains 10,000 inhabitants, mostly French. It is near the outlet of Lake Ontario, one hundred and ten miles from Cobourg, and two hundred and thirty-four from Niagara Falls. It is a strong, and one of the most important military posts in Upper Canada. The fort commands the entire entrance of the harbors and the navy-yard; and next to Quebec it is undoubtedly the most impregnable fortress in North America. If the tourist has time, he would be amply repaid for spending a few hours, or a day here, as there are many things to interest and instruct. The fort, navy-yard, mess-house, barracks, &c., can all be viewed by applying to the sheriff, or commandant of the station. About six miles below Kingston commences the Thousand Islands; the largest is Long Island, thirty miles long. The most important cascades are the Lachine Rapid, nine miles above Montreal. The boat, like a trained

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war-horse, enters and passes through them like an arrow of light; nothing can be more grand and terrific. The angry river dashing against bare rocks within a few feet of you, that have lifted their frowning heads for ages above the enraged waters, smiling at its power, and bidding defiance to its rage; but in a few moments you are at the dock of Montreal. Visitors can take the cars at Lachine for Montreal if they choose, or continue on board the boat; one, in our opinion, is as safe as the other; fare the same.

We have passed so rapidly, we had not time even to note the different places; between Kingston and Montreal, are Cananoque, Brockville, Prescott, Williamsburg, Cornwall, Lancaster, Coteau du Lac; all small places of not much note, inhabited by English, Irish, Scotch and Canadians.

Montreal

Is on an island thirty miles long and six broad. It presents an imposing appearance; it lies along the St. Lawrence nearly three miles; a heavy wall surrounded it, but was thrown down by authority of government. The Hotel Dieu, is a huge mass of stone, erected in 1644; about thirty nuns, under the direction of a superior, reside here; acts of beneficence and charity occupy their time. It contains a cathedral, the English church, seminary, convent of

Recollets, and the sisters of Notre Dame; the general hospital, convent of Gray Nuns, was erected in 1753, under the immediate supervision of a superior and nineteen nuns. There are many splendid public buildings; the new cathedral, for its capaciousness, style, and the grandeur of its decorations, is not surpassed by any edifice of a similar character, in America. Nelson's monument, the museum, college, parade ground, are all objects of interest, and attract the attention of the visitor. A ride round the mountains of Montreal is most delightful; they are seven hundred feet above the level of the river, which sweeps its angry waters, in wild and tumultuous fury past you. The tourist can visit the nunneries, and all the important places, by having a citizen to accompany him, or procuring a pass from the chaplain or commandant of the different stations. The principal rapids before you reach Montreal, are the Longue Sault, the Cedars,* and the cascades of St. Louis; they are nine miles in length, and are passed in less than twenty minutes, (about twenty-eight miles per hour.)

* It was at the rapids of the Cedars that General Amherst's brigade of three hundred and fifty men, on attempting to descend in boats, for the purpose of invading Canada, were all lost, owing to the inexperience and bad management of the pilot; not a soul survived. The first intimation the citizens of Montreal had of the invasion, was the dead bodies floating past the town.

We will now invite the tourist to accompany us to Quebec; distance from Montreal is one hundred and eighty miles. Splendid steamers ply between the two cities twice a day. If we take the evening boat, which leaves immediately on the arrival of passengers from the lake, we shall arrive at Quebec about seven or eight in the morning. We first pass from Montreal, a fort on St. Helen's Island; we then enter the rapids of St. Mary. Verness, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, sixteen miles from the city, is a place of considerable resort on account of the springs. At William Henry, or the Three Rivers, one hundred and ten miles from Montreal, the St. Lawrence is divided by two small islands into three branches, at the mouth of the St. Maurice. About fifteen miles up this river, are the Falls of Shawenegame, of one hundred and twenty-five feet perpendicular descent. Seven miles below the Three Rivers, are Richelieu Rapids; the river is not a mile wide, and rushes with great velocity.

We are now approaching the Gibraltar of America. The towers and lofty spires of this famed city, situated on a solid rock three hundred and fifty feet high, bursts upon the view. Cape Diamond, the Plains of Abraham one and a half miles from Quebec, Point Levi on a high, precipitous rock to the right — and here we are at last.

Quebec

Is situated on a high point of land, formed by the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles. The city is divided into two portions, called the upper and lower towns. The upper part, the impregnable fortress, is reached by five gates; on the side toward the St. Lawrence there is only one way to enter the city, and that is through Prescott gate; through this gate the commercial transactions of the city are carried on. Palace gate leads to the Ashley Barracks; St. Louis gate opens to the plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montgomery fell. If we have time we will visit the catholic church; it is open at all hours of the day. Among the pictures are, the Confession; the apostle Paul in his extatic vision; the Saviour ministered unto by the angels; the flight of Joseph and Mary; the Redeemer and the cross; the nativity of Christ; the Saviour outraged by the soldiers; and the day of Pentecost. The monument erected to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, sixty-eight feet high, with two Latin inscriptions, has its attractions. The nunnery and church occupy a space of eight acres, inclosed by a high wall of stone; the inmates are, one superior, forty-five aspirants, and nine novices; they are more strict than any other convent in Canada. Persons of high distinction only, are permitted to examine the domestic arrangements of this place;

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THE AMERICAN RAPIDS, FROM THE BRIDGE.



but on application to the Chaplain, strangers generally get permission. There are the paintings of some of the popes; the birth of Emmanuel; the Saviour showing his heart to the religieuses; the Saviour taken down from the cross; a cargo of Christians captured by the Algerines; Lewis XIII king of France.

Chapel of the Hotel Dieu. In the convent the sisterhood reside—one superior, thirty-five religieuses, four novices, and one postulate—every thing in order. But we must not dwell long here; we have other scenes to visit, then hasten back to Montreal and Saratoga.

FALLS OF MONTMORENCI are eight miles from Quebec—a good carriage-road and delightful ride; perpendicular height of the Falls two hundred and forty feet; width, one hundred. They are beautiful and grand, impressing the mind with sentiments of awe and sublimity. When viewed from below, this mighty cascade is resplendent with all that can be realized, by the river pouring its angry waters, into the dark, deep and gloomy precipice. No part of these Falls, however, are as grand, sublime or terrific, as the Center Fall, or Cave of the Winds at Niagara; after having viewed them from the upper window of the mill, we cross the bridge, and passing along under the brow of a high hill, we are suddenly directly in front of the whole cataract. Here,

in the opinion of the writer, is decidedly the best view we have of this wonderful fall. From the top of this hill, Quebec, with its lofty towers, fortifications, shipping, the St. Lawrence rolling toward the ocean, Point Levi, Angel Garden, and many other points of interest are to be seen. Three hundred and sixty miles below Quebec, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the river is one hundred and fifteen miles wide, pouring its waters into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, (three hundred and fifty miles long, and one hundred and fifty broad,) by three different outlets.

On returning to Quebec, we will pass the Lorette Indian Village—the distance is about the same. We will now step on board the morning boat, which will land us in Montreal in the evening.

The St. Lawrence Hall is considered the best in the city; after refreshment and sleep, we will start in the morning for Saratoga. The distances are as follows:

Montreal and Saratoga Route.

By steamboat from Montreal to

La Prairie..... 9— 9

By railroad to

St. Johns.....14—23

Isle Aux Noix.....14—37

Rouse's Point.....10—47

Cheecy13—60

Plattsburg	15— 75
Port Kent	15— 90
Burlington	11—101
Split Rock	12—113
Essex	2—115
Batson Harbor	12—127
Crown Point	12—139
Ticonderoga	12—151
Whitehall	15—166
Saratoga	36—202

At LA PRAIRIE, nine miles from Montreal, we leave the steamboat, and step aboard the cars for St. Johns; distance, fourteen miles. This is quite a thriving, but a small place; it is the terminus of the steamboat navigation on the northern bounds of Lake Champlain; a very important point in the French and revolutionary wars; population about 1500.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN. The line between Vermont and New York passes through the center of this lake; it is one hundred and forty-one miles long, and fifteen broad.

At Mount Independence, twenty-four miles from Whitehall, there is scarcely room to turn the boat, the lake being narrowed down to a small river. The ruins of the old forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point are distinctly to be seen.

ISLE AUX NOIX, fourteen miles from St. Johns, as a military post, has alternately been in the possession of the French, the English and the Americans. As

OWN GUIDE.

early as 1775, General Schuyler and Montgomery passed down this lake to St. Johns, on a flotilla made of logs.

Rouse's Point is on the outlet of Lake Champlain, ten miles from Isle Aux Noix. It is a strongly fortified place, but, according to an agreement of the British and American commissioners, to establish the boundary line between Maine and Canada, this place belongs to the British.

It is forty miles from Rouse's Point to Burlington; here are two railroad routes to Boston: the northern passes through Mount Pelica.

Ogdensburg to Boston.

Distance from Ogdensburg, on the River St. Lawrence to Boston, *via* the White Mountain, is four hundred and four miles, as follows:

By railroad to

Rouse's Point.....	118—112
Essex Junction.....	47—165
Westfield	43—202
White River.....	42—260
Concord	69—329
Manchester.....	17—346
Nassau	18—364
Lowell	15—379
Boston ..	25—404

Distance from Ogdensburg, on the St. Lawrence, to Boston, *via* Burlington, Rutland, Bellows Falls, &c., is three hundred and ninety-three miles, as follows:

By railroad to

Rouse's Point.....	118—118
Burlington.....	40—158
Rutland	67—225
Bellows Falls.....	53—278
Keene.....	22—300
Ashburnham	32—332
Fitchberg.....	11—343
Croton Junction	15—358
Boston	35—393

On the northern route to Boston from Burlington, travelers wishing to visit the White Mountains leave at the White River Junction. Daily stages run to the foot of the White Mountains; distant forty miles. When these lofty piles, rearing their majestic heads far above the clouds, first burst upon the bewildered gaze of the traveler, the effect is perfectly overpowering; he feels that language is but a poor vehicle to convey the emotions of awe, grandeur and sublimity that fill his soul, and he sinks back upon himself amid the immensity of God's works. There is no place, perhaps, where the mind is more completely bewildered, in endeavoring to grasp at the illimitable landscape that is presented to his view. They are the loftiest in America except the Rocky Mountains.

The height of the principal peaks, above the level of Connecticut River, has been estimated by engineers as follows:

Mount Washington.....	5352 feet.
Mount Adams.....	5384 "
Mount Jefferson.....	5263 "
Mount Monroe.....	4934 "
Mount Quincy.....	4471 "

From the top of Mount Washington, the Atlantic Ocean is seen in all its boundless majesty, illimitable to the power of human vision.

Having made this short digression from the correct route to Saratoga, we will return and commence our travels from Rouse's Point.

The village of PLATTSEBURG is on the west side of Lake Champlain, at the mouth of the Saranac River, twenty-seven miles from Rouse's Point. It is memorable for the celebrated victories achieved in front of the tower between the British and American forces both on land and water. Commodore McDonough and Macomb, (Americans,) gained a complete triumph over George Provost and Commodore Downie, (British,) in the war of 1812. The Americans were at anchor in the bay, and awaited, in awful suspense, the arrival of the British fleet, which soon hove in sight. On the morning of the 11th of September, 1814, the roar of a single cannon came booming over the waters; this was the

signal for a general attack on land and water, and the fleets were soon commingled in sad, terrific strife. The number of British engaged under Sir George Prevost was 14,000; of the Americans under General Macomb, only 3000; but, Spartan-like, every American was determined to die by his colors, rather than surrender, and the stripes and the stars waved in triumph over the heads of the free and the brave. The loss of the British was 2500 men, besides baggage and ammunition; that of the Americans considerably less.

BURLINGTON, as a diverging point of the railroads, is situated on the east side of Lake Champlain, twenty-five miles southerly from Plattsburg. This is a fine New England village which has its attractions to the visitor seeing it for the first time. From Burlington to Whitehall is seventy-five miles—the terminus of steamboat navigation on the southern point of Lake Champlain, seventy-three miles north of Albany. From Whitehall to Saratoga, (railroad,) thirty-nine miles. Visitors wishing to pass through Lake George, on their way to the Springs, stop at Ticonderoga; this route will be described in another place; at present we will pursue our course direct; cars leave Whitehall every morning on the arrival of the Lake Champlain boats, and reach Saratoga Springs in time for dinner.

The intermediate points and distances are as follows:

From Whitehall to

Fort Ann	11—11
Sandy Hill.....	10—21
Fortville.....	7—28
Milton.....	4—32
Saratoga.....	7—39

SARATOGA SPRINGS. This place of fashionable resort, from all parts of the world, has attained great celebrity from the medicinal properties of its waters. They lie in 43 degrees 10 minutes north latitude, and $73\frac{1}{2}$ degrees west longitude from Washington, on a line directly east from 'Niagara Falls. The Springs immediately in the vicinity of Saratoga, are twelve in number; those most frequented are the Congress, the Iodine or Waltien, Putnam's Congress, the Monroe, the Hamilton, the Flat Rock, the High Rock, the Columbian and the Washington. A new spring, possessing, it is said, great medicinal properties, was discovered in 1839; it is of a brackish taste, and not as pleasant as many others. The ten Springs are a little north of the village, and are justly celebrated, and a place of great resort. Congress Spring was first discovered in 1792, though the Indians knew, and held them in high veneration, long before the white man marked the soil. It is at the south end of the village; it was seen issuing

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from the crevice of a rock about fifteen feet from its present location. Here it boiled up, and its waters, sparkling in the sunbeam, continued to flow, until art began to lay its plastic hand upon the works of nature, in the shape of improvements; the spring retired back upon its fountain, and nearly ceased to flow; but collecting its energies, it soon broke out again near where it is now. There is a deep tube sunk into this spring, fifteen feet long, which effectually screens it from sand, sediment and fresh water that might be oozing through the rocks. Doctor Steel, one of the most celebrated chemists of the age, says, "a gallon of water which he analyzed, contained the following substances: viz, chloride of sodium, three hundred and eighty-five grains; hydriodate of soda, thirty-one and a half grains; bicarbonate of soda, nearly nine grains; bicarbonate of magnesia, nearly ninety-six grains; carbonate of lime, a little more than ninety-eight grains; carbonate of iron, upwards of five grains; silex, one and a half grains; carbonic acid gas, three hundred and eleven cubic inches; atmospheric air, seven cubic inches." Perhaps there is no spot on the globe where we can see a greater diversity of character, than at the Congress Spring; the halt, the gay, the giddy, the blind, the aged, the decrepit and the beautiful are crowding on to this Siloam, expecting to be healed from all their infirmities, or gratify the

eye by seeing the fashion of the four quarters of the globe. Very few persons, I think, relish this water when first tasted, but habit familiarizes, and we soon become fond of it. The Iodine was discovered in 1838, near the High Rock Spring. The water is remarkably pure, sparkling and pungent, but has much less of iron. Professor Emerson says, "one gallon of this water contains muriate of soda, one hundred and thirty-seven grains; carbonate of lime, twenty-six grains; carbonate of iron, one grain; carbonate of magnesia, seventy-five grains; carbonate of soda, two grains; hydriodate of soda, or iodine, three and a half grains; carbonic acid gas, three hundred and thirty cubic inches; atmospheric air, four inches. Though this spring has not been much visited until of late, yet it bids fair to equal many of its neighbors, and doubtless will hold a high rank among the fountains of health. A few rods from this is a very strong sulphur spring, which is used extensively in some cases. Putnam's Congress is near the Hamilton Spring. Here its healing waters flowed for years unnoticed, but it is now popular and much frequented.

The High Rock Spring is nearly three-fourths of a mile north of the Congress. The rock out of which this spring boils is a curiosity; nine feet diameter, five high. The particles of sand, formed by some chemical process, were once raised by the

action of the water below, and instantly flowed over the top. The aperture is nine inches. The water does not flow over the summit as formerly, but rises within two feet of the top. This may be attributable to the fact, that it has found a passage between the decayed rock, and the loose earth out of which it was formed.

Between the Iodine in the upper village, and the Washington in the lower, are most of the mineral springs in which this place abounds. No chemist, as yet, has been enabled to discover the causes which have produced these wonderful results. Some say it is the result of some "great laboratory," but where this mighty workshop is, or what is its process of working, is a mystery. It will be unnecessary to enlarge upon the many and convenient bathing-houses erected at nearly all these springs, for the convenience and health of the visitor. It is said by those whose opinion is entitled to respect, that the properties of the waters, both of Saratoga and Ballston Spa, are nearly the same, varying only as to the quantities of the different articles held in solution. They are called by the chemists acidulous saline, and acidulous chalybeate; of the former, are the Congress, Iodine, Monroe, Putnam's Congress, the Hamilton and High Rock at Saratoga; and of the latter, are the Columbian, Flat Rock, and Washington at Saratoga, and the Old Spring, and Sans Souci at

Ballston. The waters, all to a greater or less extent, contain muriate of soda, hydriodate of soda, carbonate of soda, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, oxide of iron, and some of them a small quantity of silica and alumina. Great quantities of carbonic acid gas are contained in them, giving to them their sparkling and lively appearance.

The late Doctor Steel, in his geological report of the county of Saratoga, published a few years since, says, that "the temperature of the waters, in all these wells, is nearly the same, ranging from 48 to 53 degrees on Fahrenheit's scale; and they suffer no sensible alteration from any variation in the temperature of the atmosphere; neither do the variations of the seasons appear to have much effect on the quantity of water produced.

"The waters are remarkably limpid, and when first dipped, sparkle with all the life of good champagne. The saline waters bear bottling very well, particularly the Congress, immense quantities of which are put up in this way, and transported to various parts of the world; not, however, without a considerable loss of its gaseous property, which renders its taste much more insipid than when drunk at the well. The chalybeate water is also put up in bottles for transportation, but a very trifling loss of its gas produces an immediate precipitation of its iron; and hence this water, when it has been bottled

for some time, frequently becomes turbid, and finally loses every trace of ion; this substance fixing itself to the walls of the bottle.

"The most prominent and perceptible effects of these waters, when taken into the stomach, are cathartic, diuretic and tonic. They are much used in a great variety of complaints; but the diseases in which they are most efficacious are jaundice and bilious affections generally, dyspepsia, habitual costiveness, hypochondriacal complaints, depraved appetite, calculous and enphritic complaints, phagedenic or ill-conditioned ulcers, cutaneous eruptions, chronic rheumatism, some species or states of gout, some species of dropsy, scrofula, paralysis, scorbutic affections and old scorbutic ulcers, amenorrhea, dysmenorrhea and clorosis. In phthisis, and indeed all other pulmonary affections arising from primary diseases of the lungs, the waters are manifestly injurious, and evidently tend to increase the violence of the disease.

"Much interest has been excited on the subject of the source of these singular waters; but no researches have as yet unfolded the mystery. The large proportion of common salt found among their constituent properties may be accounted for, without much difficulty — all the salt springs of Europe, as well as those of America, being found in geological situations exactly corresponding to these; but the

production of the unexampled quantity of carbonic acid gas, the medium through which the other articles are held in solution, is yet, and probably will remain a subject of mere speculation. The low and regular temperature of the water seems to forbid the idea that it is the effect of subterranean heat, as many have supposed, and the total absence of any mineral acid, excepting the muriatic, which is combined with soda, does away the possibility of its being the effect of any combination of that kind. Its production is therefore truly unaccountable."

It would be unnecessary, perhaps, to enter into detail of the public houses; the visitor will at once see that they are not surpassed by any in the United States. Among the principal are the Congress Hall, Union Hall, Pavilion, United States. Among the boarding houses, on a less extensive scale, are the Adelphi, Columbian Hotel, Washington Hall, Railroad House, Prospect Hall, Highland Hall. Price of board at the first class houses is from four to twelve and fifteen dollars per week.

AMUSEMENTS. Fishing in a small pond about two miles from the village is resorted to by none; trout in considerable quantities are taken. Others prefer a sail on the lake four miles from the Springs; nine miles long, three broad. Sail-boats of every description, are fitted up in good style for parties of pleasure. Bemus' Heights, eight miles from the

lake, will ever be sacred in the memory of Americans, as the place where General Burgoyne surrendered his entire force to General Gates, in the revolutionary contest, October 17th, 1777. The two actions that preceded this surrender were fought on the 19th of September of the same year.

Cotillion parties, in all the large houses at Saratoga, are attended almost every night. Elegant carriages will convey parties to any point of interest, at a moderate price.

It is now time to return to Lake George. Some of our party we left at Ticonderoga; perhaps we may meet them. Lake George is twenty-five miles from Saratoga. The water of this lake is remarkably transparent, and it is said that a sixpence can be seen at a depth of twenty feet. The Catholics, we are told, carry these waters to all parts of the world, for religious purposes. The waters of Lake George are discharged into Lake Champlain, at Ticonderoga, by a small river, which, in two miles, falls one hundred and eighty feet. Large quantities of most excellent fish are taken from its waters; such as trout, bass, &c. It is dotted with small islands, comports in number, it is believed by some, with the days of the year. Diamond Island once contained a fortification. There is a beautiful summer-house on Tea Island, for the amusement of parties of pleasure, which is seen from the head of the lake; the best view of the

lake, in our opinion, is near the remains of old Fort George. Here, General Burgoyne made a depot of his military stores for some time in the revolutionary war. Here are our friends we left at Ticonderoga about a week since. They have enjoyed fine sport upon the waters of this limpid lake. There is a small, but very neat steamer which plies daily from the head of Lake George, (Caldwell,) to the foot, connecting with the steamers on Lake Champlain. From where the boat lands to Ticonderoga is three miles. Carriages are always in readiness. The boat returns every evening. Length of the lake is thirty-six miles. Fourteen miles from Caldwell, is Tongue Mountain. The Narrows commence here; about seven miles long, one and a half miles wide. Five hundred and fifty feet of line have been let down without finding bottom. Black Mountain, half way down the lake, is on the east side. It is ascertained by actual measurement to be 2200 feet high. A short distance from this is an exhibition of mountain scenery, unsurpassed on this continent. The rolling appearance of the mountain—the deep and almost impenetrable caverns that yawn out before you at every step; the wild, the beautiful and terrific grandeur of the whole place, combine to fill the mind with solemn awe and admiration. Solitude holds her empire here, undisturbed by the convulsions that agitate the world; the fall of empires or

the ruin of kingdoms is alike unheeded and unknown. Sabbath-day Point is twenty-four miles from the head of the lake, on the west side. During the French war, about three hundred and fifty English landed here on Sabbath morning. They were instantly surrounded by the Indians and every soul to a man, perished by the tomahawk and scalping knife—hence the name. In three miles we pass a small island called the Scotch Bonnet; three and a half miles below, on the west shore, we approach the city of Hague, composed of two houses and a saw-mill; this is the widest part of the lake, viz., four miles. Rogers' Slide is three miles further down; here, Colonel Rogers, an inveterate foe to the Indians in the French war, was forced by the savages, in the winter, over a smooth rock two hundred feet high, on an angle of thirty degrees. He slid down with the velocity of light, and landed safely on the ice below. Anthony's Nose opposite, by drawing a little on the imagination, will be found similar to one of the same name on the Hudson. Prisoners' Island is two miles further; prisoners were confined here during the French war. Lord Howe's Point is directly west; he landed upon this spot but a short time before the battle at Ticonderoga, at which he was killed. He was brother to Lord Howe, who commanded the British forces at Philadelphia, in the revolutionary war. One mile

further, and the boat stops; here is the landing and outlet of Lake George. Three miles from the landing is

TICONDEROGA, the far-famed place, memorable for its thousand daring exploits, and bold achievements. Mount Independence, with its ruins, is here. Mount Defiance, seven hundred and fifty feet high, looks down in frowning contempt upon the world below. Here General Burgoyne lodged his artillery in 1777, and here the Americans were compelled to evacuate Ticonderoga. Many of the old walls, though mouldering in gloomy silence, are still to be seen; the magazines of this old fort are nearly entire; the walls, two hundred feet above the level of Lake Champlain, are still standing. A subterraneous passage leads from the south-west corner of the fort, about thirty rods long, through which the celebrated Colonel Allen made his way, and took a British officer while in bed; when asked by what authority he did it, he replied, "by the authority of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

There are several old forts and fortifications in this vicinity still to be seen; the walls of one near the lake are sixty feet high. As early as 1758, General Abercrombie, with two thousand men, attacked Ticonderoga with great skill and bravery, but was repulsed with the loss of his entire army. The French abandoned this position to the English

in 1759. Colonel Ethan Allen, whose indomitable courage has never been surpassed since the days of Rome, took Ticonderoga by storm in 1775. In 1777 it was abandoned. General Burgoyne pursued the American force as far as Whitehall and to Fort Ann, which soon resulted in the surrender of his entire army to General Gates—one of the most glorious epochs in the revolutionary struggle, giving to the colonies a foothold, a permanence and a standing, which never for a moment has been shaken. The banner was thrown to the breeze, and waves in triumph over the heads of the free and the brave.

We must now leave our friends and return to the Falls to accompany another party *via* Lake Ontario, (American side.) We prefer the route from Saratoga, *via* Auburn, Geneva, Canandaigua, Batavia, Buffalo, &c., because it is the most expeditious. Distance from the Springs to the Falls by cars is three hundred and twenty-nine miles. By this route we reach Niagara in twenty-two hours. As we pass we notice Ballston Spa, seven miles from Saratoga; the waters, according to Doctor Steel, are nearly similar to those of Saratoga. The first spring discovered is in a valley, surrounded by sand-hills, on a branch of Kayaderoseras creek, inclosed by an iron railing; New Washington Spring is but a few rods distant; the Sans Souci Spring is the

most frequented. The Washington Fountain flowed over the surface for many years, but in 1821 disappeared entirely. Low's Spring, Park Spring, and several others in the neighborhood, were much visited in former years, but latterly are measurably deserted.

SCHENECTADY, fourteen miles from Albany, and twenty-two from Saratoga, lies on the Mohawk River. It was destroyed by the Indians in 1690, and nearly all of its inhabitants perished by the tomahawk; Union college is well endowed; population, 7000.

AMSTERDAM, sixteen miles west, on the north side of the Mohawk; the Erie Canal passes through this village. Fonda, ten miles from Amsterdam, is a small place. Johnstown, four miles north, was the former residence of Sir William Johnson.

PALATINE BRIDGE, eleven miles, crosses the Mohawk to Canajoharie; cars leave the latter place for the Catskill Mountains.

FORT PLAIN, three miles further, was originally settled by Germans, who, like their neighbors, suffered much in the revolutionary war.

LITTLE FALLS, seventeen miles further; the Erie canal and Buffalo railroad, at an immense expense, pass the south part of the village; a place of considerable commerce from the Erie canal and its hydraulic power. The mountain scenery is grand and sublime.

HERKIMER is seven miles from Little Falls, on the West Canada creek, on which the far-famed Trenton Falls are situated. The creek enters the Mohawk about half a mile west of the village.

UTICA, fourteen miles from Herkimer and fifteen from Trenton Falls, is on the south side of the Mohawk. No city in the interior of New York possesses greater facilities for commerce than Utica. It is located on the site of old Fort Schuyler; population 15,000; its long line of canal-boats, together with the seven trains of cars that pass through the place from the west, render it a place of great importance.

TRENTON FALLS, as has been remarked, are fifteen miles from Utica; they are on the West Canada creek, twenty-two miles from its confluence with the Mohawk River at Herkimer. Visitors usually prefer taking carriages at Utica; going and returning will occupy nearly a day. There is no such terrific grandeur and awful sublimity here as at Niagara; yet they are beautiful, and in many respects sublime; their effect upon the mind of the beholder is deeply impressive, and he long retains the vivid impressions enstamped upon his memory. The tourist ought, by all means, to visit them; they must be seen before they can be appreciated.

The fall of the rapids for two miles before it enters the basin is sixty-six feet; depth of the ravine,

one hundred; width of ravine at the top, two hundred; depth of creek below the Falls, one hundred. A dark, heavy forest hangs in moody silence over the ravine, shutting out the view until you reach the very verge. The falls are six in number, as follows: first, the one on the Black River road; second, the upper, three-fourths of a mile below the cascades; third, the mill-dam; fourth, the High Fall; fifth, Sherman's; sixth, Canard's. Descent of Falls: upper, twenty feet; cascades, with two pitches and rapids, nineteen feet; the mill-dam, the second within the ravine, fourteen feet; width of stream at the top, one hundred and eighty feet. Of the high falls there are three. Descent of first, forty-eight feet; second, eleven feet; third, thirty-seven feet. These three, including the rapids above, make a descent of one hundred ten and one-half feet. Sherman's Fall descends thirty-three when the creek is low, and thirty-seven and thirty-nine when high; this, unlike Niagara, rises when the rains fall, but is subject to fall many feet in droughts; the height of Canard's Fall is six feet. The entire descent of the falls, rapids included, is estimated to be three hundred and eighty-seven feet, in less than four and one-half miles.

¶ The best time to visit the Falls is in July or August, or when the water is low; you can then pass round Sherman's Stairway with perfect safety to the

head of the race-way. At the hotel there are two paths: one leading to the bottom of the ravine, the other to the High Falls; the former is generally preferred. At the foot of the stairway pass up the stream; then by a narrow pathway to Sherman's Falls; in a few moments you reach the High Fall. From these falls to the upper end of the race-way, above the cascades, the way is easy when the stream is low; but from thence upward is more difficult. Petrifications and organic remains may be found imbedded in the rocks in the ravine. They lie flat in the laminae; "their contours," says a celebrated geologist, "and component parts, usually being little distorted from their original shape and dimensions. Sometimes there is a defect occasioned in their transition from the animal to the stony or fossil state; but, in most instances, all their parts are so completely defined that not only the order, but the genera and species may be recognized. Their exteriors are commonly glossy, often very smooth, and ordinarily of a dark color, being transformed into stone, and constitute integral parts of the rocks which envelop them. To any one who has devoted any time to the subject, it will appear that their prototypes lived and died on the spot, and that the rocks in which they are entombed, are of subsequent formation. A word to the ladies before we leave: good calf-skin boots or shoes are decidedly preferable,

both as to health and for convenience; the finest pair of cloth shoes would be ruined in a single excursion over these rocks. We now return to Utica.

On our way west, the first place we will notice is SYRACUSE, fifty-three miles. Perhaps there are no works on the globe, where as much salt is manufactured as in the vicinity of Syracuse and Salina. Four hundred and fifty acres are covered with vats for solar evaporation; the roofs drawn over and removed at pleasure. Three times in the summer the salt is taken out and barreled for market; forty gallons make more than a bushel of pure salt. There are one hundred and eighty-five works for boiling within five or six miles. The state of New York owns the entire works, which yield a great revenue. The Springs will last, probably, while the world stands. Nearly three millions of bushels are manufactured yearly. From Syracuse to Oswego, on Lake Ontario, is thirty-five miles, by railroad; here steamers take passengers down the lake to Montreal, or up to Lewiston, seven miles from Niagara; but we will keep the railroad to the Falls, *via* Buffalo.

AUBURN is twenty-six miles from Syracuse. It is situated on the Owaseo creek, and affords great hydraulic power, which is extensively used. The state prison is the best *regulated* institution of the kind in the United States. The average number of yearly convicts is between seven and eight hundred;

population, 10,000. The best time to see the prisoners is before breakfast; one of the keepers will accompany you for a mere trifle.

The next place of much importance is GENEVA, twenty-three miles from Auburn, situated on the north end of a lake of the same name, thirty-seven miles long, and about four wide; salmon trout are taken from its waters; it never freezes.

It was upon the waters of this lake, that the celebrated Jemima Wilkinson (who pretended she was the Saviour,) made her followers believe she could walk on the water if they had faith. She stepped from her carriage into the element, about ankle deep; then turning suddenly to the multitude she again inquired if they had faith that she could pass over. They answered in the affirmative. She immediately returned to her carriage, declaring, "as they believed in her power, it was unnecessary to display it;" thus ended the farce. Travelers from the west frequently take a steamboat to the head of the lake, thirty-seven miles, connecting with the New York and Erie Railroad.

CANANDAIGUA is sixteen miles from Geneva, on an outlet of the Canandaigua Lake. It is one of the most beautifully located villages in the state.

ROCHESTER, twenty-eight miles farther west, lies on both sides of the Genesee River. The Erie canal and Buffalo railroad cross the river at this

place, on the most substantial works in America. There are twenty-five flouring mills in the city, one hundred and twenty-five run of stones, making 5500 barrels of flour, and consuming 22,000 bushels of wheat in every twenty-four hours. There are six falls in the river, the highest of which, just below the bridge, is ninety-seven feet perpendicular. The celebrated Sam Patch, after he had made two successful jumps at Niagara, took his last and fatal leap here in 1829. Two and a half miles below the city, travelers can take steamers for the Falls of Niagara, or down the lake to Montreal, &c. A railroad is nearly completed in a direct line to Niagara, crossing the river two hundred and thirty feet above one of the maddest streams on the globe. Buffalo has been mentioned in another place.

If our friends are ready, we will now start for our northern tour to Montreal, *via* Lake Ontario, (American side,) commencing at Fort Niagara, at the mouth of Niagara River, fourteen miles below the Falls; intermediate places and distances have already been described.

From Fort Niagara to

Rochester	80—80
Oswego	63—143
Sackett's Harbor	44—187
Kingston (Canada)	40—227
Brockville	52—279
Ogdensburg	12—291

Cornwall.....	50—341
Coteau du Lac.....	41—382
Cascades.....	14—396
Lachine.....	24—420
Montreal.....	9—429

The first place the boat touches at after leaving Fort Niagara is CHARLOTTESVILLE, at the mouth of the Genesee River, seventy-four miles. It is a port of entry; has a light-house. Government has expended a good deal of money to improve the navigation. The river is navigable four miles further, to Carthage, thence two miles to Rochester. Passengers are conveyed to the city by railroad carriages without delay.

GREAT Sodus Bay is twenty-eight miles from Oswego. This bay, with its coves and points, is about fifteen miles in circumference.

OSWEGO is sixty-three miles from Rochester, and is quite an important place. Cars leave Oswego for Syracuse every day, on the arrival of the lake boats; distance, thirty-five miles.

SACKETT'S HARBOR is forty-four miles from Oswego. The government made great efforts to put this place in a state of defense during the last war. The barracks are still standing; two forts are nearly in ruins. A large ship of war was commenced, but the materials have decayed, and it never can be finished.

CAPE VINCENT, twenty miles from Sackett's Harbor. Kingston, in Upper Canada, is on the opposite side of the lake; Grand Island between; Morristown, fifty miles further. The river here is one and a quarter miles wide; opposite, on the Canada side, is Brockville.

OGDENSBURG, American side, is twelve miles further, on the Oswegatchie River; a fine, flourishing village; cars, on the arrival of the boats, leave for Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain; distance, one hundred and eighteen miles; from Rouse's Point to Burlington, forty. At Burlington, on the east side of Lake Champlain, there are two railroad routes to Boston, which have already been described. Boats down the river from Ogdensburg, generally pass over to Prescott. There is also an express line of steamers from Lewiston through the center of the lake to Montreal. The route to Boston, as mentioned in another place, commences at Burlington, in the state of Vermont, on the east side of Lake Champlain. Montpelier is the capital of the state, thirty-eight miles from Burlington. Lofty mountains, lifting their bleak and towering heads to the clouds, surround the city on all sides. It contains three thousand inhabitants, who are enterprising, industrious and happy. It was at this place that the Green Mountain Boys rendezvoused, who were so annoying, and fought Burgoyne with such indomitable

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THE TOWER, FROM THE HEAD OF THE BRIDGE.

courage. Ticonderoga, and the green hills of Vermont will forever ring the praises of those hardy sons.

From Burlington to Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, is two hundred and two miles. It lies on the Merrimack River, which is navigable for large boats to Chelmsford.

From Concord to LOWELL is forty-eight miles. It is on the Merrimack River. Perhaps there is no place on the globe, none in the United States certainly, where there is as much capital invested in manufactures as at Lowell. The following gives some idea of the business done: amount of capital, \$10,000,000

Number of factories.....	32
" " spindles in constant use.....	100,000
" " looms.....	4000
Operators employed.....	5000
Males.....	1200
Females.....	3800
Quantity of new cotton used annually.....	35,000,000 lbs.
Number of bales.....	25,000
" " yards manufactured.....	29,000,000

If the yards manufactured in one year, were all united, they would reach 16,400 miles.

From Lowell to Boston is twenty-five miles.

The southern route from Burlington to Boston, *via* Rutland, Bellow's Falls, &c., is as follows:

From Burlington to

Rutland.....	67
Bellow's Falls.....	53
Keene.....	22
Ashburnham.....	32
Fitchburg.....	11
Croton Junction.....	15
Boston.....	35

RUTLAND is on the west side of the Green Mountains, three miles distant. It is not surpassed for beauty of location by any village in the state.

BELLOW'S FALLS lies on the west bank of the Connecticut River; the length of the rapids is about three-fourths of a mile; descent of the river in this distance, fifty feet; at the toll-bridge is the best view; the waters rush under the bridge with great power, in their wildest fury.

KEENE is one of the handsomest villages in New England; from this point, Boston is soon reached.

Boston

Is situated at the foot of Massachusetts Bay, on a peninsula two miles long and one broad. It derived its name from a clergyman who emigrated from Boston, England. The monument on Bunker Hill, to perpetuate the memory and heroic virtues of the

dead, is fifty feet diameter, two hundred and twenty high. When completed, it will outvie in splendor, any of a similar character on this continent. The corner-stone was laid June 15th, 1825; the Marquis de Lafayette assisted in the ceremonies. The number of British engaged in the action of Bunker Hill was estimated at 3000; Americans, 1500. The British lost, in killed and wounded, 1050; the Americans, four hundred and fifty. Here General Warren, the scholar, the gentleman, fell in the commencement of the action. The harbor is spacious and commanding; the entrance is exceedingly narrow, scarcely admitting two ships abreast. It is so strongly fortified, that any hostile ship in attempting to land, would be blown out of the water; population, 100,000.

Boston will be retained in the recollections of Americans, while virtue, liberty and patriotism remain. The hallowed associations, that linger around this sacred spot—the glittering steel of England's best sons, as they marched with a firm and steady tread to the attack on Bunker Hill; the flames of Charlestown, as they rolled in red surges to the sky; the awful stillness of the heroic band in the little fort precursory to the coming storm; the heights crowded with anxious spectators, witnessing in breathless silence the doubtful contest; the memory of

those who fell, more durable than the monuments of brass or marble; the roar of the artillery from the bay—all united to make it a scene awfully grand and terrific, impossible for the most vivid imagination to portray. The British were permitted to approach within less than a hundred yards of the fort; not a shot from the Americans, not a muscle moved—the silence of death held its empire over the little fortress; but in an instant the storm burst; flash succeeding flash, the iron tempest sweeps; heaping man, horse and car, in one undistinguished ruin; twice, the peals of musketry and the saber's clash drove the enemy back; but at last they succeeded in gaining the height: after the ammunition was all exhausted, and the cry rang through the fort, "powder! powder! a world for powder!"

We close our remarks by an extract from the speech of Hon. Daniel Webster, on the erection of the monument.

Purposes of the Monument on Bunker Hill.

"Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of National Independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our

conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must be forever dear to us and posterity. We wish, that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish, that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish, that labor may look up here, and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish, that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eye hither, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his

who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meets the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit."

Avery on the Log.

On the morning of July 19th, 1853, a great excitement was created by the discovery of a man on a log in the rapids, midway between the main shore and Bath Island, and about forty yards below the bridge which leads to the toll-gate on the island. The circumstances as near as are known of the way he got there, are these: This man, Avery, and another man, they being in the employ of Mr. Brown, boating sand above the Falls about two miles, got into a boat at ten o'clock at night to take a pleasure sail. The next morning Mr. Avery was discovered on the log above mentioned, which being reported, called thousands of people to the spot to see the unfortunate man, and to do what they could to rescue him. In the first place a small boat was let down, but it filled with water, and sunk before it reached him. By this time a life-boat from Buffalo had reached the spot, and was lowered into the stream, which reached the

log he was on, passed by above it, capsized and sunk, which was the last of that. The next, a small boat was let down, which reached the spot all right, but the rope got entangled under the log, and could not be got loose, so that boat was useless. Another plan was tried: a raft was let down to him all right, and he got on it, and the raft was moved toward Bath Island as far as it could be, for the ropes got entangled in the rocks, and stuck fast. Then another boat was let down to him, to take him from the raft; but as the boat reached the raft, the water dashed the boat against the bow of the raft, which gave it a sudden jog, and Avery not using the means that were prepared for his safety, viz., ropes for him to hold on to, or tie himself with, stood erect on the stern of the raft; and as the boat struck, he fell off backward, and the rapid water carried him over the Falls, at about six o'clock P. M., at which time the crowd, (being about three thousand in number,) left the spot with slow and solemn steps for their homes, to think and talk of what had transpired.

TABLE OF DISTANCES
ON THE
GREAT WESTERN RAIL ROAD,
CANADA.

From Niagara Falls to DETROIT.		From Detroit to NIAGARA FALLS.	
PLACE.	MILES	PLACE.	MILES
Niagara Falls		Detroit	
Thorold.....	9	Windsor	
St. Catharine's.....	11	Baptiste Creek.....	32
Beamsville.....	22	Chatham.....	46
Grimsby.....	27	Wardsville.....	74
Stoney Creek.....	37	Ekfrid.....	90
Hamilton	43	Lobo.....	100
Dundas.....	49	London	110
Flamborough.....	52	Dorchester.....	120
Fairchild's.....	62	Ingersoll.....	129
Paris.....	72	Beachville.....	133
Princeton.....	79	Woodstock.....	138
Woodstock.....	91	Princeton.....	150
Beachville.....	96	Paris.....	157
Ingersoll	100	Fairchild's.....	167
Dorchester.....	109	Flamborough.....	177
London	119	Dundas.....	180
Lobo.....	129	Hamilton	186
Ekfrid.....	139	Stoney Creek.....	192
Wardsville.....	155	Grimsby.....	202
Chatham.....	183	Beamsville.....	207
Baptiste Creek.....	197	St. Catharine's.....	217
Windsor	229	Thorold.....	220
Detroit	330	Niagara Falls	229

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